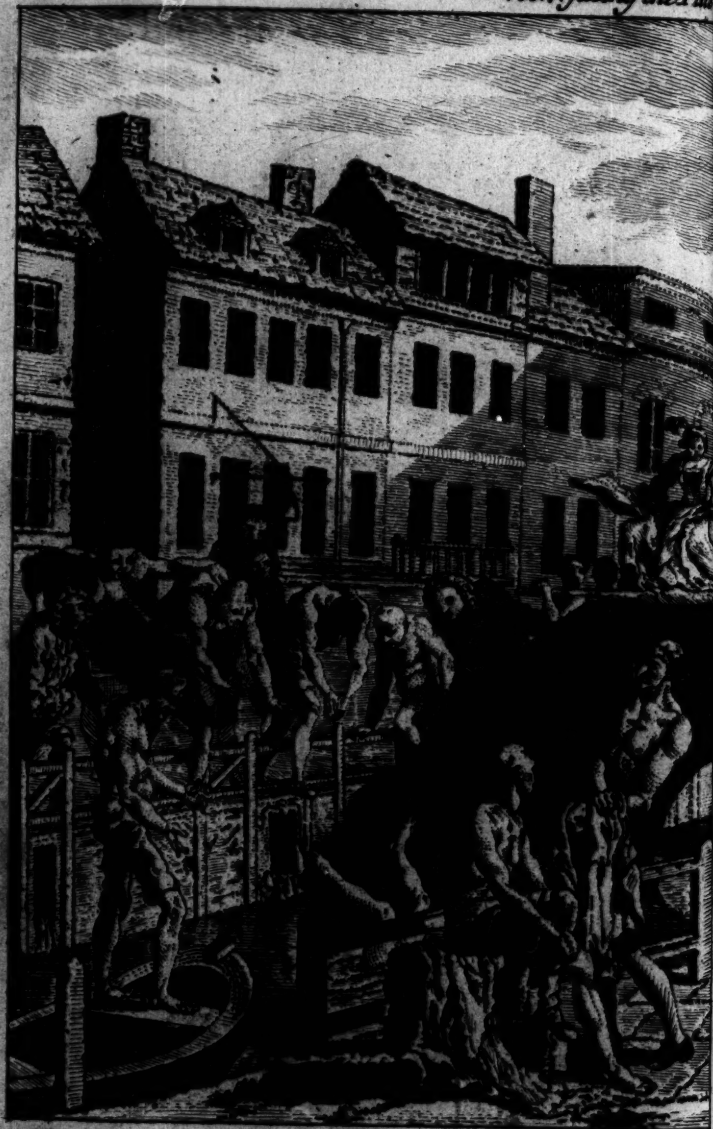
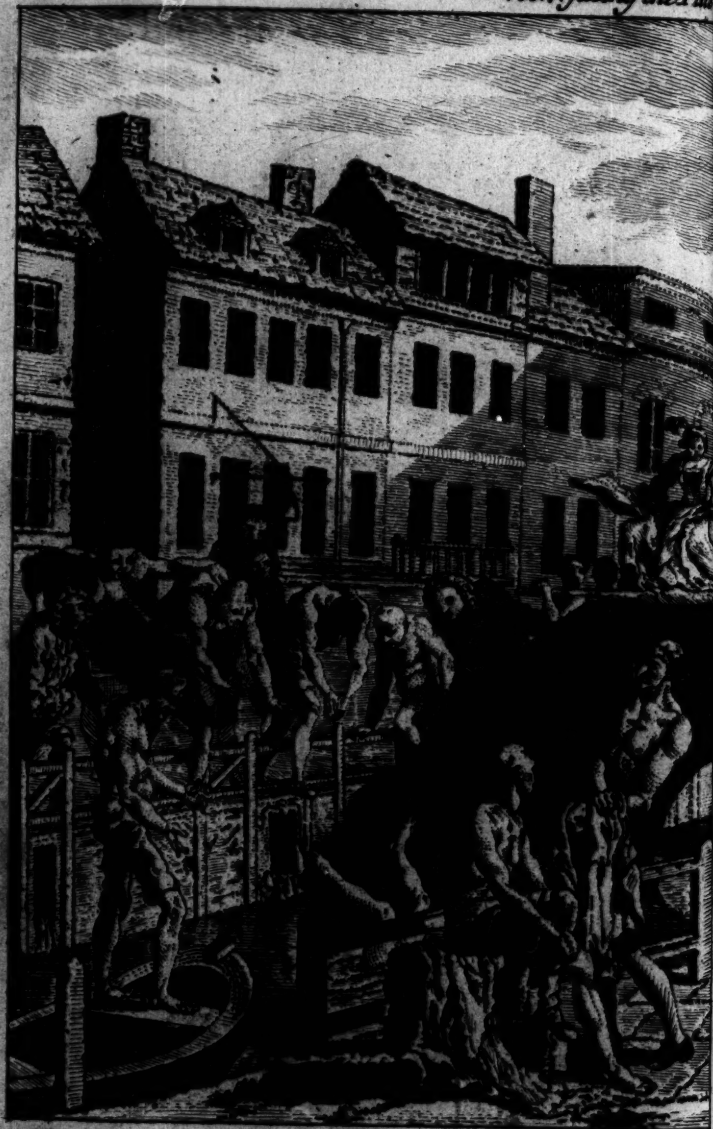




Here strip my Children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash thro thick & thin.

Dunciad Book II.



Here strip my Children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash thro thick & thin.
Dunciad Book II.

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
VOLUME V.
CONTAINING THE
THREE FIRST BOOKS
OF THE
DUNCIAD.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON;
H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

MDCCLVII.

WORKS

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME V.



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OF THE

DUNCIAD

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H. LINTON, and C. BATHURST.

MDCCLXXII

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THE
DUNCIAD,
IN
FOUR BOOKS,
WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,
THE
HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

VOL. V.

B

THE
DUNGLAND
IN
FOUR BOOKS
WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBERUS
THE
HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS
AND
NOTES VARIORUM

LETTER

TO THE

PUBLISHER,

Occasioned by the first correct

Edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them

amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unprotected.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprized, if this or that scribler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

I found this was not all : Ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers : And some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them ? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since ? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them ? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull : And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings ; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent ; in a manner, which, though it annihili-

lates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by Authors *without names*; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be

suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the Men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles*, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the influence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punish-

* Which we have done in a List printed in the Appendix.

ment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of Mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily, for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there) but sure it can be none here: For who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes Malice and Villainy to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or Leanness, but against Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must Poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred, had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an Approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true; "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn them.

by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations^b. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his Poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will con-

^b Essay on Criticism in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728. and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737. and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

tinue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fashion. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of

* As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the Office of Secretary of State; Lord Bollingbroke, at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM*. I am

Your most humble Servant,

St. James's

Dec. 22d, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND^d.

^d This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of Fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of Universal Learning, and an enlarged Conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a sincerer attachment to the Constitution of his Country.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

Prolegomena and Illustrations

TO THE

D U N C I A D:

WITH THE

Hypercritics of ARISTARCHUS.

MARTINUS GERBIERUS

HIS

Prologomena and Illustrations

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

Hypocriticks of ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE *Persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Poets*: And the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry.

The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with *Ill nature* for putting the Laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the World.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against *Failures in Genius*, or against the *Pretensions of writing without one*.

CONCANNEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *Satire upon Dulness* is a thing that has been *used and allowed in All Ages*.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1718.

THE Poem which Bollean has attacked in his *Writings*, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Learn*: And the *consequence* he hath pulled upon them have been contained by all

IT is the common cry of the Posters of the *town*, and their *satire*, that it is an *ill-natured* thing to expose the *Principles* to wit and poetry.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING

Our PoET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exertations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection: but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but

for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: But as to these, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith ^a, he was educated at home; another ^b, that he was bred at

^a Giles Jacob's *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. in his Life.

^b Dennis's *Reflections on the Essay on-Crit.*

St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third ^c, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ^d, that he had no University education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith ^e, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second ^f, that he was an itinerant priest; a third ^g, that he was a parson; one ^h calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another ⁱ, a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one ^k supposeth, like the Father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another ^l, a husbandman; another ^m, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildon ⁿ: "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance

^c Dunciad dissected, p. 4. ^d Guardian, N^o 40. ^e Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. ^f Dunciad dissected, p. 4. ^g Farmer P. and his son. ^h Dunciad dissected. ⁱ Characters of the times, p. 45. ^k Female Dunciad, p. ult. ^l Dunciad Dissected, ^m Roome, Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis, printed 1729. ⁿ Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716. p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

“ of his infernal Father.” Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, ’till authors can determine among themselves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho’ not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his ESSAY ON CRITICISM, of which hear first the most antient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in another place: “ What rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her *hobble so damnably*.”

• Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical Historian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French criticisms, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery P."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the same thoughts over again*, making them still more *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of *common place*. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought

P Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

9 Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

“ an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he
 “ was writing one.”

To all which great authorities, we can only op-
 pose that of

MR. ADDISON.

“ The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was
 “ published some months since, is a master-piece in
 “ its kind. The observations follow one another,
 “ like those in Horace’s Art of Poetry, without
 “ that methodical regularity which would have been
 “ requisite in a prose writer. They are some of
 “ them *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent
 “ to, when he sees them explain’d with that ease
 “ and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As
 “ for those which are the *most known* and the
 “ *most receiv’d*, they are placed in so beautiful a
 “ light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that
 “ they have in them all the graces of novelty; and
 “ make the reader, who was before acquainted with
 “ them, still *more* convinced of their truth and soli-
 “ dity. And here give me leave to mention what
 “ Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the
 “ preface to his works: That wit and fine writing
 “ doth not consist so much in advancing things that
 “ are new, as in giving things that are known an
 “ agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live

“ in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touch’d upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace’s Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves.” He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that “ there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind: The Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism.”

OF WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently
 “ writ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John
 “ Denham : the author of it is obscure, is ambi-
 “ guous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous^t. ”
 But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs
 from this opinion : “ Those who have seen these
 “ two excellent poems of Cooper’s Hill, and Wind-
 “ sor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham,
 “ the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of
 “ candor if they approve of this.”

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the
 obscure writer of a poem called Sawny, “ That
 “ because Prior’s Henry and Emma charm’d the
 “ finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise *in opposition*
 “ *to it*; but forgot innocence and virtue : If you
 “ take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce
 “ desires, all the rest is of no value.” In which,
 methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French
 taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames : “ All
 “ this is very fine, but take away the river, and it
 “ is good for nothing.”

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

^s Letter to B. B. at the ends of the Remarks on Pope’s
 Homer, 1717. ^t Printed 1728, p. 12.

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma* ^u,

O *Abelard* ! ill fated youth,

Thy tale will justify this truth :

But well I weet, thy cruel wrong

Adorns a nobler Poet's song :

Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,

With kind concern and skill has weav'd

A filken web : and ne'er shall fade

Its colours : gently has he laid

The mantle o'er thy sad distress,

And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation ^w." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it ^x, "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether
" I should most admire the justness to the original,

^u *Alma*, Cant. 2. ^w In his Essays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl.
^x Censor, vol. ii. n. 33.

“ or the force and beauty of the language, or the
 “ sounding variety of the numbers: But when I
 “ find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what
 “ the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone
 “ rais’d and flung with ease a weighty stone, that
 “ two common men could not lift from the ground;
 “ just so, one single person has performed in this
 “ translation, what I once despaired to have seen
 “ done by the force of several masterly hands.”
 Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed
 his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in
 reputation, (printed in *Mist’s Journal*, March 30,
 1728.) where he says thus: “ in order to sink in
 “ reputation, let him take it into his head to descend
 “ into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will,
 “ how the devil he got there) and pretend to do
 “ him into English, so his version denote his neglect
 “ of the manner how.” Strange Variation! We
 are told in

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8.

“ That this translation of the Iliad was not in all
 “ respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend
 “ Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a
 “ *younger muse*, in an undertaking of this kind,
 “ which he supervised himself.” Whether Mr. Addi-
 son did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best
 appears from his own testimony the year following
 its publication, in these words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder,
“ I am in a particular manner pleased with the
“ labours of those who have improved our language
“ with the translations of old Greek and Latin
“ authors,—We have already most of their Histo-
“ rians in our own tongue, and, what is more for
“ the honour of our language, it has been taught
“ to express with elegance the greatest of their poets
“ in each nation. The illiterate among our own
“ countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden’s
“ Virgil of the most perfect Epic performance. And
“ those parts of Homer which have been published
“ already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that
“ the Iliad will appear in English with as little dis-
“ advantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this
younger muse was an *elder*: Nor was the gentleman
(who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr.
Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith him-
self that he did it *before* [†]. Contrariwise that Mr.
Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth
by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad,
printed some time before his death, and by his own
letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713.

[†] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel’s translation of the first book
of the Iliad, 4to.

where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be, Mr. THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728.) "publish such an author as he has least studied, and "forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. "In this project let him lend the bookseller his "name (for a competent sum of money) to promote "the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *Proposals* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8, "The bookseller proposed the book by "subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds "for the same: I believe the gentleman did not "share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

"After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

"the sequel of that work, the *Odysey*; and having "secured the success by a numerous subscription, he "employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY.

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription

“ for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson :
 “ And that the benefit of *this Proposal* is not solely
 “ for my own use, but for that of *two of my friends*,
 “ who have *assisted me in this work*.” But these very
 gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in
 another of *Mist's Journals*, March 30, 1728. saying,
 “ That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the
 “ experiment again of getting a great part of a book
 “ done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should
 “ unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the
 “ declension of the whole.” Behold ! these *Under-*
lings are become good writers !

If any say, that before the said Proposals were
 printed, the subscription was begun without decla-
 ration of such assistance ; verily those who set it on
 foot, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the
 right honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT,
 were he living, would testify, and the right honour-
 able the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify
 the same is a falshood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned,
 or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely
 tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only
 reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

“ Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity,
 “ obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of
 “ the *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his

“ powerful interests with those great men to this
“ rising bard, who frequently levied by that means
“ unusual contributions on the public.” Which
surely cannot be, if, as the author of *The Dunciad*
dissected reporteth; Mr. Wycherly had before
“ introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with
“ the greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his
“ body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resent-
“ ment, libelled the memory of his departed friend;
“ and what was still more heinous, made the scan-
“ dal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown
the accuser! the person accused no witness in his
own cause; the person, in whose regard accused,
dead! but if there be living any one nobleman whose
friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription
Mr. Addison procured to our author; let him stand
forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus*
Socrates, sed magis amica veritas. In verity, the
whole story of the libel is a lye; witness those per-
sons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Ad-
dison’s decease, did see and approve of the said
verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent
privately in our author’s own hand to Mr. Addison
himself, and never made public, ’till after their
own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One
name alone, which I am here authorised to declare,
will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right
honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH Gent.

“^z Upon reading the third volume of Pope’s Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent: and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man’s works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that “ These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of

^z Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“^a The Memoirs of a Parish clerk was a very
“ dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in
“ defence of our Religion and Constitution, and
“ who has been dead many years.” This seemeth
also most untrue; it being known to divers that
these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord
Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent per-
son (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before
the appearance of that history, of which they are
pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr.
Moore had such a design, and was himself the man
who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him
therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of
our author, when that history came forth, with in-
tent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to
obtain from our author but one single hint, and ei-
ther changing his mind, or having more mind than
ability, he contented himself to keep the said Me-

^a Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

moirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the
" work of that reverend prelate, and how full he
" was of a design he declared himself to have of
" exposing it." This noble Person is the Earl of
PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the forefaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controverfy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

"^b And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,

^b Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

“ Unless I justly could at once commend

“ A good companion, and as firm a friend ;

“ One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,

“ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

“ Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou

“ chuse,

“ What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse ?

“ Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,

“ Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,

“ Go to the good and just, an awful train !

“ Thy soul's delight.—

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

“ O ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !

“ Blest in thy life and blest in all thy lays.

“ Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,

“ And ev'n thy life, be faultless as thy line.

“ Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,

“ Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.

“ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,

“ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”

c Poem prefixed to his works.

d In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

“ Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse’s
“ train,

“ Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain ?

MR. MALLETT,

In his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :

“ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays ;

“ For wit supreme, is but his second praise.”

MR. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir’d by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,

“ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,

“ And trace the author thro’ his moral page,

“ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

MR. THOMSON,

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons :

“ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,

“ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

* Universal passion, Sat. i.

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

“ f Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue's* cause,
 “ From thy own *life* transcribeth *unerring laws.*”
 And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's :

“ A Soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
 “ By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught,
 “ Whose filial Piety excells
 “ Whatever Grecian story tells.
 “ A genius for each bus'ness fit,
 “ Whose meanest talent is his Wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him : First again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him : “ A little affected hypocrite,
 “ who has nothing in his mouth but candour,
 “ truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and
 “ magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood,
 “ that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his
 “ cotemporaries, he brands them with some defect
 “ which is just contrary to some good quality, for

f In his Poems, and at the end of the *Odyssey*.

“ which all their *friends and their acquaintance* commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *People of Quality*, and authors of that rank.—“ He must derive his religion from St. Omer’s.”—But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, “ Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it* ;” but that “ nevertheless, he is a *virulent Papist* ; and yet a *Pillar for the Church of England*.”

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be ; declaring, in Mist’s Journal of June 22, 1718. “ That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their own sentiments.” But, as to his pique against *People of Quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728.) “ He had, by some means or other, the *acquaintance and friendship* of the *whole body of our nobility*.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, “ That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions ; he is a beast, and a man ; a Whig, and a Tory ; a writer (at one and the same time) of *2* Guardians and

2 The Names of two weekly Papers.

“ Examiners ; an Assertor of liberty, and of the
 “ dispensing power of Kings ; a Jesuitical professor
 “ of truth ; a base and a foul pretender to candour.”
 So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude
 him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very
 honest man ; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or
 very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good.
 Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors,
 whose wrath is perilous : For one declares he ought
 to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted
 down as a *wild beast*^h. Another protests that he
 does not know *what may happen* ; advises him to
insure his person ; says he has *bitter enemies*, and ex-
 pressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his*
*life*ⁱ. One desires he would *cut his own throat, or*
hang himself^k. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined
 it should be done by the Government, representing
 him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of
 Parliament, then under prosecution^l. Mr. Dennis
 himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of
 the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*^m ; and as-
 sureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal ene-*
my to his country ; a monster, that *will*, one day,
 shew as *during a soul as a mad Indian*, who runs a

^h Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.

ⁱ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16. ^k Gulli-

veriana, p. 332. ^l Anno 1723. ^m Anno 1729.

muck to kill the first Christian he meets ⁿ. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem ^o. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings* and *Princeesses* ^p. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad ^q!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest Enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD, in censuring his Shakespear, declares, "He has so great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *epinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithstanding he professes a *veneration* *almost rising to Idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of that *other gentleman's* character ^r."

ⁿ Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

^o Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

^p Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

^q A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

^r Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p. 3.

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love^s." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only^t.

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER

says, "Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's. And, that he *had* all the

^s Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

^t In his prose Essay on Criticism.

^u Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

"merit, that a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer; crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties shine!

"While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line.

"These he admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,

"And bade them live to brighten future days w."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell *,
in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope,
confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show

"(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)

"That we should fame to these mere vocals give;

"Pope more than we can offer should receive:

"For when some gliding river is his theme,

"His lines run smoother than the smoothest
stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the
"Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any
"other merit;" yet that same paper hath these
words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect
"master of an easy and elegant versification. *In all*

* Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

x Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo 1728.

" *his works* we find the most *happy turns*, and *natural families*, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER.

who " grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ : " but adds, " it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls ! they had all been buried in oblivion y." Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself* ; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON, in the most furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert ^z confess, " That

y Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

^z in concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place, " As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, " I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that " I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any one " man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Gildon will " plainly shew, that we are not writers in *concert* with each " other.

“ some men of *good understanding* value him for his
 “ rhymes.” And (p. 17.) “ That he has got, like
 “ Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr.
 “ Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing
 “ smooth verse.”

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises
 bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination
 that the same was not written by him, as it was
 printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,

“ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;

“ I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,

“ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :

“ Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,

“ Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear,”

¶ And

‘ Sir,

‘ —The height of my Ambition is to please Men of the
 ‘ best Judgment ; and finding that I have entertained my
 ‘ Master agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward of my
 ‘ Labour.’

‘ Sir,

‘ I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent
 ‘ pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased
 ‘ with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement
 ‘ your admirable performance deserves,’ &c. CH. GILDON.

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such com-
 “ pliments to another, has not been used to write in part-
 “ nership with him to whom he sends them ?” Dennis, Re-
 marks on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore wel-
 come to take this piece to himself.

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED thus wrote ^a to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprized to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate Enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with" — "I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely beyond their merit. — This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic mad-

^a In a Letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

^b Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

ness of the times has given him *reputation*^c.—If
 “ after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary
 “ men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Mil-
 “ ton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received
 “ from this country, for these last hundred years, I
 “ should shift the scene, and shew all that penury
 “ changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more
 “ squandered away upon *one object*, than would have
 “ satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary
 “ men; the reader to whom this one creature should
 “ be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art
 “ and nature, would believe that all the great qua-
 “ lities of these persons were centered in him alone.
 “ But if I should venture to assure him, that the
 “ PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made such a choice—
 “ the reader would either believe me a *malicious*
 “ *enemy*, and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the
 “ last (Queen Anne’s) *Ministry* was designed by fate
 “ to encourage *Fools*^d.”

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any
 Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the
 said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All
 he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any
 court, was a subscription, for his Homer, of 200 *l*.
 from King George I, and 100 *l*. from the prince
 and princess.

^c Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

^d Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.

However, lest we imagine our Author's Success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS^e ascribes to him *two Farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them*: And an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works*.^f The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because" (as that writer thinks) the Marriage Hater matched, "and the Boarding School are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. M. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. "That he was writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Row's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet" "called Dr. Andrew Tripé^g;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver^h." [Here, gentle

^e Ibid. p. 8.^f Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.^g Ibid. p. 6.^h Gulliv. p. 336.

reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, "That his own *Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any Candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of Boldness and Mad-ness to a Prodigy*: If he took assistants in another,

¹ Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

* Burnet's *Homerides*, p. 1, of his translation of the *Iliad*.

it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public¹. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect master of all Styles; and all Arguments; and that there was in those times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is

¹ The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

of the P O E M.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssy gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint

and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

Now, so far as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a *Charlemagne*, a *Brute*, or a *Godfrey*, with just pomp

and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the Peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

^a Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain)

^a Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such Authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*^b (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works.

^c He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce^d: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them^e; and (above all) that *self-opinion*^f which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one, great and remarkable *Action*^g; and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen; viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the po-

^b Bossu, chap. vii.

^c Book I. ver. 32, &c.

^d Ver. 45 to 54.

^e Ver. 57 to 77.

^f Ver. 80.

^g Ibid. chap. vii, viii.

lite World ; as the Action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole history of the Trojan war ; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single Action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the Poet's mind must have a *Name* ^h : He finds it to be ——— ; and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the Proposition ; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and Empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games

^h Boffu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot, Poetic. cap. ix.

relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libelous Novellist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies*¹: but adds, our "Author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, "whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon "any other Person whatever."

The *Descriptions* are singular, the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by

¹ Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. pag. 9, 12, 41.

ancient and classical Authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminishing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy: Though since he hath

altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred* *. True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age : But it is far otherwise in *Poetry* ; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

* See his Essays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the Nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the *Person* of the *Hero* fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raised up to support the Fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this parti-

cular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently that the Poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her Eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these *Suns* of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *Goose* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of Wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither

" are they delighted with the good and just. For
 " contrary objects must either excite contrary affec-
 " tions, or no affections at all. So that he who
 " loveth good men, must at the same time hate the
 " bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love
 " the good; because to love good men proceedeth
 " from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men
 " from a tenderness to the good." From this deli-
 cacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, (more lively
 and choleric than her eldest sister, whose bulk and
 complexion incline her to the flegmatic) and for this
 some notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was sought
 out, to make thereof an example. An early instance
 of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus)
 the Father of Epic poem himself affordeth us.
 From him the practice descended to the Greek
 Dramatic-poets, his offspring: who in the compo-
 sition of their *Tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were
 wont to make the last a *Satiric Tragedy*. Happily
 one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term
 it) is come down unto us amongst the Tragedies of
 the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader sup-
 pose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and
 it is worthy observation, the unequal Contest of an
old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-
 directed *Favourite of Minerva*; who, after having
 quietly born all the monster's obscene and impious
 ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the

mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* should be an *honest Man*; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme**: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad we may observe how much juster the *Moral* of that Poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some Analogy, if not Resemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *Wisdom, Bravery, and Love*, from whence springeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic Hero, should

* Si un Héros Poétique doit être un honnête homme, Bossu, du Poème Epique, lib. v. ch. 3.

be *Vanity*, *Assurance* and *Debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *Heroic Dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of Will. And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till *Wisdom* can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT ^b." This, we see, is *Vanity* according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *Virtues* we have not, but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those *Vices*, which every body knows we have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them ^c." In short, there is no sort of *Vanity* such a Hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "whether it would not be *Vanity* in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise man ^d?"

^b Ded. to the Life of C. C. ^c Life, p. 2. oct. edit. ^d Ib.

Bravery, the second attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent Virtue in the mock Hero, is, that same Courage all collected into the *Face*. And as Power when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is without doubt the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his *Summum bonum* in those follies, "which he was not content barely to possess but "would likewise glory in," adds, "*If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER.*" Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *Courage*, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his *FACE* "more known " (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom," and his *Language* to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring* Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's composition, is a meer bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) *summer-teeming Lust*, and evaporates in the heat of *Youth*; doubtless by that refinement it

• Life, p. 23. octavo.

suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our Poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth strength by *Old age*; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little Epic. It is true indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: For not only the Ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by Him who best knoweth its value. “Don’t you think (argueth he) to say only *a man has his Whore*^f, ought to go for little or nothing? “Because *defendit numerus*; take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty^g.” But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: The man is sure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at fourscore. How doth his Modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well-spent* Life: not taking to himself the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the same he was from the beginning,

—— Servetur ad IMUM
Qualis ab incepto processerat.——

^f Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:

“And has not Colly *still* his Lord and Whore,

“His Butchers Henly, his Free Masons Moore?

^g Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable Continnence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much Self-denial was necessary not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that Society, where (according to this Political Calculator) *nine in ten* of all ages have their *concubines*?

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent Qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively Qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from Vanity, Assurance, and Debauchery, springeth *Buffoonry*, the source of *Ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it^h, of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that not *Reason* but *Risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound Philosopher) distinguished our species from

^h Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

“ the mute creation by our Risibility, her design
 “ MUST have been by *that faculty* as evidently to raise
 “ OUR HAPPINESS, as by our *os sublime* (OUR ERECTED
 “ FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above
 “ them ⁱ.” All this considered, how complete a
 Hero must he be, as well as how happy a Man,
 whose Risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in
 the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in
 his very *spirits*; and whose *Os sublime* is not simply
 an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as should seem by
 his preferring it to one of Iron, said to belong to the
 late king of Sweden ^k?

But whatever personal qualities a Hero may have,
 the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that
 all those are of small avail, without the constant
assistance of the Gods: for the subversion and erection
 of Empires have never been adjudged the work of
 Man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of
 his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal
 prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire
 of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must
 require the particular favour and protection of the
 GREAT: who being the natural patrons and sup-
 porters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*,
 must first be drawn off and engaged in another Inte-
 rest, before the total subversion of them can be
 accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last

ⁱ Life, p. 23, 24.

^k Letter, p. 8.

and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed Favourite and Intimado of the Great. And look, of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern Incense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham-Hero*, or *Phantom*: But it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts: And when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as becometh any Associate or Consort in

Empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep*; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, "it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull "at least you might have allowed me, but as *fel-* "dom asleep as any fool!" However, the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflexion, that tho' it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will *live* at least, tho' not *awake*; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin the British Bard* and Necromancer: and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our Hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards* ⁿ.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things either of Religion or Government, can escape the sting of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero's title.

¹ Letter, p. 53. ^m Letter, p. 1. ⁿ Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been Goddeſs-born and Princes bred. What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player inſtead of one of his Patrons, (a perſon “ never a hero even on the ſtage ”) to this dignity of Collegue in the empire of Dulneſs, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to paſs.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient answer from the Roman hiſtorian, *Fabrum eſſe ſua quemque fortunæ* : *That every man is the Smith of his own fortune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himſelf a Hero* to be one of the worthieſt. “ Let him (ſaith he) but fancy himſelf capable of the higheſt things, and he “ will of courſe be able to atchieve them.” From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero’s prowels ; as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly paragonſ himſelf : at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the exceſs and delicacy of his Ambition ^p ; to HENRY the IVth of FRANGE, for honeſt Policy ^q ; to the firſt

^o See Life, p. 148. ^p Life, p. 149. ^q P. 424.

BRUTUS, for love of Liberty ^r; and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power ^s: At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diversions and amusements ^t; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired ^u; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence ^w; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing *pastoral Letters* ^x.

Nor did his *Actions* fall short of the sublimity of his Conceit. In his earthly youth he *met the Revolution* ^y face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes. But he shone in Courts as well as in Camps: He was *called up* when *the nation fell in labour* of this *Revolution* ^z; and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the ladies ^a.

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both ^b.

^r Life, P. 366. ^s P. 457. ^t P. 18. ^u P. 425. ^w P. 436, 437. ^x P. 52. ^y P. 47. ^z P. 57. ^a P. 58, 59.
A Statuary.

And that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault : For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought no body's son at all*^c : And what is that but coming into the world a Hero ?

But be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesy so requiring) that a Hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had, even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men ; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion : For, like as the ancient Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty warrior ; a Son of Neptune in a skilful Seaman ; a Son of Phœbus in a harmonious Poet ; so have we here, if need be, a Son of FORTUNE in an artful Gamester. And who fitter than the Offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the Empire of *Night and Chaos* ?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, " That this Hero still existeth, and " hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if " Solon said well,

ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini : dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet ;

^c Life, p. 6.

“ if no man can be called happy till his death,
 “ surely much less can any one, till then, be pro-
 “ nounced a Hero: this species of men being far
 “ more subject than others to the caprices of For-
 “ tune and Humour.” But to this also we have an
 answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive.
 It cometh from *himself*, who, to cut this matter short,
 hath solemnly protested that *he will never change or*
amend.

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that no-
 thing shall every part them. “ Nature (saith he) hath
 “ amply supplied me in Vanity; a pleasure which
 “ neither the pertness of Wit, nor the gravity of
 “ Wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with^d.”
 Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer
 a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, “ My supe-
 “ riors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my
 “ part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my
 “ Follies as the best part of my Fortune^e.” And
 with good reason: We see to what they have brought
 him!

Secondly, as to *Buffoonry*, “ Is it (saith he) a
 “ time of day for me to leave off these fooleries,
 “ and set up a new character? I can no more put
 “ off my Follies than my Skin; I have often tried,
 “ but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my
 “ friends are displeased with them, for in this light

"I afford them frequent matter of mirth, ἔς
 " ἔς^f ." Having then so publicly declared himself
incorrigible, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the
law Epopæian) and devolveth upon the Poet as his
 property: who may take him, and deal with him,
 as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian
 hero; that is to say, *embowel* and *embalm* him for
posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to
 hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking
 immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few
 prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor
 can we conclude better than with that extraordinary
 one of his, which is conceived in these Oraculous
 words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO
 IT RIGHT ἔ .

Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
 Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus h .

f P. 17. g Ibid. p. 243. octavo edit. h Ovid, of
 the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.



By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licensor, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC. Ch.



BY AUTHORITY.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
13 OCT 77

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THE
D U N C I A D :

TO
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

*THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription.
Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness
and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of
the Goddess in the City, with her private Academy
for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and
the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes
into the midst of things, presenting her, on the*

evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Proposition, the Introduction, and the Exposition. Then the Original of the great Empire of Britain and cause of the commandment. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private dwelling. The Poets in particular; the Government of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poet laureate into the midst of things, preparing her, on the

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*Her ample Presence fills up all the Space
A Veil of Fogs dilates her airfull Face.*

Dynast Book I.

B O O K I.

THE Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1. *The mighty Mother, &c.* in the first Edit. it was thus,
Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still

I M I T A T I O N S.

*Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works.*
—Dii coeptis (nam vos mutastis & illas.) Ovid. Met. i.

R E M A R K S.

THE DUNCIAD.] It is an inconvenience, to which Writers
of reputation are subject, that the Justice of their resentment
is not always rightly understood. For the calumnies of dull
Authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to
injure, not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false
and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected
of severity unprovoked. But, in this case, it would be but
candid to estimate the chastisement on the general Character
of the offender, compared with that of the Person injured.
Let this serve with the candid Reader, in justification of the
Poet; and, on occasion, of the *Editor*.

THE DUNCIAD, 6th MS. It may be well disputed whether
this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled
Duncied, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with
an *e*, therefore *Dunciad* with an *e*. That accurate and
punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakspear*, con-

I sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate:

REMARKS.

stantly observes the preservation of this very Letter *e*, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s, (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial " as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a " learned language is an Atchievement that brings honour " to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be " remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, " as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon." THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, an *Autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Curators of his Monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words, and a whole Verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future our learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakspear*, at the Clarendon press.

BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of *Shakspeare* was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an *Edition* is put on the Scroll, which indeed *Shakspeare* hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

REMARKS.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *E*, as any Grammarian living, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not superior to Reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence; and remarks in the Margin *sic MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBU.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in Octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was a perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728—9.

SCHOL. VET.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*; p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this Piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the Man

— — — who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or caressed by the Great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true *Hero*; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest Desire of Persons of Quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *Son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first. BENT.

VER. 1. *The Mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this Poem: The latter of them is only chosen as her Colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great Expedition) the main action of the

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,

10

REMARKS.

Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ibid. — *her Son who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the Man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of the piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which though this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris

Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinæque venit

Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see *Æn.* ii. 513. from the altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the shore of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *roft on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield Muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind. 15

REMARKS.

others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

VER. 4. *By Dulness, Fove, and Fate:*] i. e. by their Judgments, their Interests, and their Inclinations.

VER. 7. *Say how the Goddess, &c.*] The Poet ventureth to sing the *Action* of the Goddess: but the *Passion* she impresseth on her illustrious Votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves. SCRIBL.

VER. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of the whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a Scholiast, to meddle with it: But leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* *Θεογονία*) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all Slowness of Apprehension, Shortness of Sight, or imperfect Sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, Industry, and some degrees of Activity and Boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy turvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the

Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

O Thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironically*, like the 23^d Verse.

REMARKS.

Poet. Hence it is, that some have complain'd he chuses too mean a subject, and imagin'd he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies ; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass ; or, (as one saith, on a like occasion)

Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies. BENTL.

VER. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] *The native Anarchy of the mind* is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the Passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the Passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS in this absence of Reason ; who, though she cannot regulate them like Reason, yet blunts and deadens their Vigour, and, indeed, produces some of the good effects of it. Hence it is that *Dulness* has often the appearance of Reason. This is the only good she ever did ; and the candid Poet is careful to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be observ'd indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial Government in latter times.

VER. 17. *Still her old Empire to restore*] This Restoration makes the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book iv.

Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind ;
 From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires, 25
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires.
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. *Close to the walls, &c.*] In the former Edit. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ;
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess;
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness ;
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tattering ensigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower of London*, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ; —*

Here in one Bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,

The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the *Dunciad*.
 "These lines (saith he) have no construction, or are nonsense.
 "The two shivering Sisters must be the sister-caves of Po-
 "verty and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry
 "must be the same [*questionless, if they lie in one bed*] and the
 "two Sisters the Lord knows who." O the construction
 of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn. i.*

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;

Nympharum domus. —

May we not say in like manner. "The Nymphs must be the
 "waters, and the stones, or the waters and the stones must

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand ;

VARIATIONS.

"be the houses of the Nymphs?" *Infulse!* The second line *Intus aquæ, &c.* is a parenthesis (as are two lines of our Author. *Keen hollow winds, &c.*) and it is the *Antrum*, and the yawning Ruin, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beseech thee, Reader, present thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Aeneas* repaired to dress their dinner. — *Fessi — frugesque receptas & torrere parant flammis*: What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *sweet waters* to drink, and *seats* to rest on; the other is surely an error of the Copyists. Restore it without the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

But for this and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil restored*. SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

VER. 20. — *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his Party-writings; which take in all his works.

VER. 22. — *laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair.*] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The *easy chair* suits his age: *Rab'lais' easy chair* marks his character; and he fills and possesses it as the heir and successor of that original genius.

VER. 23. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironice*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both. — The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

VER. 26. *Mourn now, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironice iterum*. The Politics of England and Ireland were at

One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye;
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

REMARKS.

this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

VER. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn: but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is *Lead*. She is here said only to be spreading her wings to hatch this Age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand;*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

VER. 33. *One cell there is.*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little *unindowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the *Magnific College* of Bedlam; and as the surest Seminary to supply those learned Walls with professors. For there cannot be a plainer Symptom of Madness than for Men to chuse Poverty and Contempt; to starve themselves; and offend the public by scribbling,

Escape in Monsters, and amaze the Town. when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and honest employments. The *Qualities* and *Productions* of the students of this private Academy are afterwards described in this first book; as are also their *Actions* throughout the second; by which it appears, how near allied Dulness is to Madness. This naturally prepares us for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the Catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of Vision, to animate him in the present undertaking by a view of the past triumphs of Barbarism over Science.

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
 Hence Bards like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.

REMARKS.

VER. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candor, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court to ballads in the streets) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

VER. 37. *Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down, Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.*] Ovid has given us a very orderly account of these escapes, Sunt, quibus in plures jus est transire figuras:
 Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu;
 Nunc violentus aper; nunc, quem tetigisse timèrent,
 Anguis eras; modo te faciebant cornua Taurum:
 Sæpe Lapis poteras.

MET. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, by *Proteus* must certainly be meant a hacknied Town-scribler; and by his Transformations, the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubtless Horace understood the Fable, where, speaking of *Proteus*, he says,

Quum rapiēs in jus malis ridentem alienis,
 Flet aper, &c.

Proteus is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Egypt, the original soil of Arts and Letters: And what is a

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post; 40
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,

Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's Day.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to Music on St. Cecilia's Feast.

REMARKS.

Town-scribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar* is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* signifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemma's* of a *Polemical Answerer*. These are the three great parts he assumes; and when he has completed his circle, he sinks back again, as the last change into a *Stone* denotes, into his natural state of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where speaking at large of all these various Metamorphoses in the second Book, describes *Mother Osborne*, the great Antetype of our Proteus, in ver. 312. after all her changes, as at last quite *stupidified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his share, who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed *Sophism, Magam, Politicum, præsertim rebus omnibus sese accomodantem*. Which in English is, *A political Writer, a Libeller, and a Disputer, writing indifferently for or against every party in the State, every sect in Religion, and every character in private life*. See my *Fables of Ovid explained*. ABBE BANIER.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41, 42. Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.]

-----Genus unde Latinum,

Albanique patres, atque alta mœnia Romæ.

Virg. *Æn.* I.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

REMARKS.

VER. 40. *Curl's chaste press and Lintot's rubric Post:*] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

VER. 42. *MAGAZINES:*] The common Name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scribler; the dirty scum of every stagnant News-paper; the rags of worn-out Nonsense and Scandal, picked up from every Dunghill; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of human Wit, Morality, and Common Sense.

VER. 43. *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falshoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,

So very much is said:

One half will never be believ'd,

The other never read.

VER. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone ; 45
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake : 50

REMARKS.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone ;*] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

VER. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirst, &c.*] "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews in Mr. Pope, "a delight in prophaneness," said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespear to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Text from holy Writ. In *All's well that ends well*, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass*. Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire*. Matt. vii. 13. In *Much ado about nothing*, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was bid in the Garden*. Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocose scene.) In *Love's labour lost*, he talks

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *In cloudy Majesty*] -----the Moon

Rising in cloudy Majesty ----- Milton, Book iv.

VER. 48. -----that knows no fears.

Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears ?
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.

Hor.

Prudence, whose glass presents th'approaching jayl :
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid Pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play :
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

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of Samson's carrying the gates on his back: In the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.

The first part of this note is Mr. CURR's, the rest is Mr. THEOBALD's Appendix to Shakespear Restored, p. 144.

VER. 57. *genial Jacob,*] Tonson. The famous race of Bookfellers of that name.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 55: *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings, &c.*
That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Bookfellers or the Players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, Cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

He, one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
 There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How farce and Epic get a jumbled race;

REMARKS.

VER. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,* It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, "would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his Name, viz. *A. P.—E.* and they give you the idea of an *Ape*—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Papa*, which signifies a little *Wart*; or from *popysma*, because he was continually *poping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or "*Popysms*." DENNIS ON *Hem.* and *Daily Journal*, June 11, 1728.

VER. 70. *Ec. How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, Ec.* Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the Plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c. if yet extant.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulness, Ec.* A parody on a verse in *Garth*, Cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

Book I. THE DUNCIAD.

How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their Place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow.
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

REMARKS.

VER. 73. *Ægypt glads with show'rs,*] In the Lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the over-flowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the Inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian N^o 40. parag. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given Examples of all those species of bad writing from these Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the *Bathos*.

VER. 83. *Sees momentary monsters rise and fall, And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.*] i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, *νεφελιγέτης Ζεύς*.

'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces)
 Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90

VARIATIONS.

VER. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

REMARKS.

VER. 85, 86. 'Twas on the Day, when ** rich and grave,
 Like Cimon, triumph'd] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name
 the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never
 be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no
 way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The Procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land,
 and partly by water. — Cimon, the famous Athenian General,
 obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same
 day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

VER. 88. Glad Chains,] The Ignorance of these Moderns!
 This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold Chains*, shewing more
 regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are
 made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay
 of figurative speech itself: *Lætus segetes*, glad, for making
 glad, &c. SCRIBL.

VER. 90. But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A
 beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of
 poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of
 Mr. Addison.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,

I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,

Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95
 What City Swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
 Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son: 100
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

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That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry:
 Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Ibid. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

VER. 98. *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:
 a great Mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn,

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

106

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both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics : as appears by the Poem *De jure divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other :

-----One lately did not fear

(Without the Muses leave) to plant Verse here.

But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge—

Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge :

Written by *William Prynne Esquire, the*

Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.

Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for his high style

Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the Pillory.

VER. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.* Laurence Eusden Poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his *Battle of Poets*, faith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,

By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*. p. 413. 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fuslian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Farther he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus ; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that Noble Person, who was then

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 108. *But chief in Bays, &c.*] In the former Ed. thus,
But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league engage,
And earth and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.---

Var. *Tibbald.*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakespear restored.* During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespear, he published Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that Proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

REMARKS.

Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success.

REMARKS.

Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his Successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram made on that occasion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

VER. 106. *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. iii. No—it is spoken of that *excellent and divine Madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary bints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 32. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man" [*I wish that reflection on poverty had been*

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring she herself was Pertness once.

REMARKS.

spared] “suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature. —*Poor* *Furius* [*again*] when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*.” &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. “A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding. — He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back’d toad. — A book through which Folly and Ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back’d by that blind Hector, Impudence.” Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. “I regard him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic *Madness* of the times have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as Hobbes says) is Power, and that has made him dangerous.

Now (shame to Fortune) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day :

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“ Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whose
“ faithful Subject I am ; to my *Country*, of which I have ap-
“ peared a constant lover ; to the *Laws*, under whose pro-
“ tection I have so long lived ; and to the *Liberty* of my
“ *Country*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now
“ for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon
“ it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull
“ the lion's skin from this little Afs, which popular error
“ has thrown round him ; and to show that this Author,
“ who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense
“ in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.” DENNIS,
Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one ; which, by his manner of expressing in p. 92. appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. “ The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my Book-seller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poison*.” Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him : of which fact see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called *A true character of Mr. Pope and his writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716 ; in the tenth page whereof he is said “ to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering *Poison* to them :” and is called (p. 4.) “ a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark.” Which (with many other

Swearing and supperless the Hero sate, 115
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

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things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram :

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your Brother,
 Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother ;
 Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had ?
 Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad :
 On one so poor you cannot take the law ;
 On one so old your sword you scorn to draw :
 Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
 Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest ; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a Sadler in London, born 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden : and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects ; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows : " Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound Learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *Penetration* and *Judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays " more to get *Reputation* than *Money*." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

VER. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity : he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. " Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What !

Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

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" am I only to be dull and dull still, and again, and for ever!" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that " he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *Wit*, or some *Profit* or *Lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15. 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *Pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for by G—, I'll write prose,
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

VER. 112. *Remembring she herself was Pertness once.*] The Poet had told us, ver. 13. that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that over-much carefing should make even *Dulness* herself *pert*, especially in her youth; though her own natural *Alacrity* was in sinking, or towards *Gravity*. SCRIBL.

VER. 113. *shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

VER. 114. *supperless the Hero sate,*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such a Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors have been sub-

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120
 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 121. *Round him much Embryo, &c.*] In the former Edition thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay:
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own,
 Here swells the shelf, &c.----

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*

-----round he throws his eyes,

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay. Milt. B. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

REMARKS.

ject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or, what Boswell calls, *a disguised sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBL,

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of Money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the

Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
 Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious Bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

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Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he *swore* all the time? BENTL.

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

VER. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, "it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she "has not better employment." Life, p. 217. Octavo.

VER. 133. *hapless Shakespear, etc.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed "to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; "but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded "it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8, "That to expose any Errors in it "was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That "whatever care might for the future be taken by any other

The rest on Out-side merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

REMARKS.

"Editor, he would still give above five hundred Emendations, that *shall* escape them all."

VER. 134. *Wish'd be bad blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wish'd he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the *Stage*, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their *Editions*.

VER. 135. *The rest on Outside merit, &c.*] This Library is divided into three parts: the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 140. in the former Ed.

The page admires new beauties not it's own.

Miraturque novas frondes & non sua poma. Virg. Geor. ii.

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
 A Gothic Library of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 146. in the first Edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s and BI—
 And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles and Blome,
 on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, *W—ly, W—s*,
 who were persons eminent for good life ; the one writ the Life
 of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric
 kind on pious subjects. The line is here restor'd according
 to its original.

“ *George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal
 “ against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest
 “ personages in power, which brought upon him frequent
 “ *Corrections*. The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers
 “ to him.” WINSTANLY. *Quarles* was as dull a writer,
 but an honest man. *Blome's* books are remarkable for their
 cuts.

REMARKS.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great ;*] “ John Ogilby was one, who
 “ from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress
 “ as might well style him the prodigy of his time ! sending
 “ into the world so many large *Volumes* ! His translations of
 “ Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent
 “ sculptures : And (what added great grace to his works)
 “ he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very
 “ good letter.” WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

VER. 142. *There, flamp with arms, Newcastle shines complete :*
 “ The *Duchess of Newcastle* was one who busied herself in
 “ the ravishing delights of Poetry ; leaving to Posterity in
 “ print three ample *Volumes* of her studious endeavours.”
 WINSTANLY, *ibid*. *Langbaine* reckons up eight Folios of

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an Age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side, 149
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ;

REMARKS.

her Grace's ; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

VER. 146. *Worshy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities : 1. Settle was his Brother Laureate ; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court ; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in Tragedy (tho' more successful) in one of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive : *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he dress'd in a sort of *Beggars Velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick Fustian* and *thin Prosaic* ; exactly imitated in *Perolla* and *Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben Johnson, who once picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible.

VER. 147. *More solid learning*] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books ; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 205.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII ; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Æneis*, as a history ; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. " Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book " in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by

There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

REMARKS.

“ some noble clerke of fraunce, which book is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete clerk “ *Vyrgyle*) which book I sawe over and redde therein, How “ after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas “ departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, “ his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wife wyth moche “ other people followynge, and how he shipped and de- “ parted; wythe all thystorye of his adventures that he had “ er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytaly, “ as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In “ whiche booke I had great playsyr, by cause of the fayr “ and honest termes & wordes in frenche, whiche I never “ sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playfant ne so well ordred; “ whiche booke as me semed should be moch requysite to “ noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hysto- “ ryes. How wel that many hondred yers passed was the “ sayd books of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and “ lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytally and other places, “ which historye the sayd *Vyrgyle* made in metre.” *Tib-*
bald quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal of*
March 16, 1728, concerning a *straunge and mervayllouse beaste*
called Sagittarye, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean
 rather than *Teucer*, the Archer celebrated by *Homer*.

VER. 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very volumi-
 nous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were
 printed in 1472.

VER. 154. *Philemon Holland* Doctor in Physic. “ He trans-
 “ lated so many books, that a man would think he had done
 “ nothing else; insomuch that he might be called *Translator*
 “ general of his age. The books alone of his turning into
 “ English are sufficient to make a Country gentleman a compleat
 “ Library.” WINSTANLY.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies, 156
 Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
 An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns : A folio Common-place
 Found the whole pile, of all his works the base: 160
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre ;
 A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
 First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
 Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :

VARIATIONS.

VER. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] in the former Ed.

And last, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles
 by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The first visible
 cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair
 flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in
 his first play of the *Fool in fashion*. It attracted, in a par-
 ticular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted
 to purchase it.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,*]
 A te principium, tibi desinet. — Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχαίμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῦσαι.

Thenc.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna.

Hor.

VOL. V.

I

O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul!
 To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind!
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 177. *Or, if to Wit, &c.*] In the former Ed.
 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies:
 There thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave simpler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successful prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

REMARKS.

Whatever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a
 fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world
 but live in it, knew very well that so material an article

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180

VARIATIONS.

Var. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of terrible *Anacronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had cover'd; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkyn*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserv'd to be whipt*. An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespear was a Rascal*. *O tempora! O mores!*

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. Upon these somebody made this Epigram:

" 'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,

" To help us thus to read the works of others:

" Never for this can just returns be shown;

" For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;*] As to *Cook's Hefod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to *Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.

REMARKS.

" of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him,
" could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard
" and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill
" made one. This, perhaps, may lessen the grave censure,
" which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid
" upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
 Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
 Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.

REMARKS.

"Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady
 "of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person,
 "and then a civil enquiry into the price of it; and we
 "finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*,
 octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig usually made its
 entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two
 chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

VER. 178, 179. *Guard the surs barrier---Or quite unravel,*
&c.] For *Wit* or *Reasoning* are never greatly hurtful to *Dul-*
ness, but when the first is founded in *Truth*, and the other
 in *Usefulness*.

VER. 181. *As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.]* The thought of
 these four verses is found in a poem of our Author's of a
 very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and
 soon after printed) to the Author of a poem called *Successio*.

Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the State, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

VARIATIONS.

VER. 195. *Yet sure, had Heaven, &c.*] In the former Ed.
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-stam.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.----

REMARKS.

VER. 198.---*grey-goose weapon*] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

VER. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, etc.*]

Me si coelicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,

Has mihi servassent sedes.-----

Virg. *Æn. ii.*

VER. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd--This grey-goose weapon*]

----- Si Pergama dextra

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. Virg. *ibid.*

Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
 This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God ?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit ?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace ? 205
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race ;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist ;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)

REMARKS.

Hear his own words: " At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined: But had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons and Pastoral Letters?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

VER. 203. *at White's amidst the Doctors*] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly stiled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a Cant phrase used among Gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, " Shall I play fair or foul?"

VER. 208. *Ridpath---Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God.*]

Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro.

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius,

Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal;
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

VER. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*
Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn. viii.*

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat:

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings*? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Eccl. ix.*

----- *argutos interstrepere anser olores.*

Read it therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *statch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

----- *Auritas fidibus canoris*

Ducere quercus.

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb,

SCRIBL.

VER. 212. *And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?* Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all Ministerial-writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, as the Geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capitol." *Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.*

Hold—to the Minister I more incline ;
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more.
 What then remains ? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear ;
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer : 220
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
 This Mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 213. *Hold---to the Minister---*] In the former Edit.
 Yes to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist ! am thine.

VER. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

VER. 218. *Cibberian forehead*] So indeed all the MSS, read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *Modesty*---*modest Cibber*---Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Homeric*; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, symbol of Impudence: (Κυνὶς δαμνᾶτ' Ἴχθον, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads*.--But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading, BENTL,

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought ! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ! (your father's fault)
 Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more christian progeny !
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets ;
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former Edit.

Adieu, my Children ! better thus expire
 Un-stall'd, unfold ; thus glorious mount in fire,
 Fair without spot ; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
 Or wasting ginger, round the streets to run,
 And visit Ale-house, where ye first begun.
 With that he list'd thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.----

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit Ale-house*] Waller on the Navy,
 Those tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

REMARKS.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction ; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

VER. 228. *My better and more christian progeny !*] " It may

IMITATIONS.

VER. 229. *unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

---- Felix Priameia virgo !

Iussa mori : quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile !

Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.

Virg. Æn. iii.

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant thro' the land ;
 Not sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire ; 235
 Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire !
 O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate ;
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal Rest ! 240

REMARKS.

" be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally
 " prolific ; that the one was seldom the mother of a Child,
 " but in the same year the other made me the father of a
 " Play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us ;
 " of both which kinds some *died* in their *Infancy*," &c. Life
 of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

VER. 231. *gratis-given Bland*,--*Sent with a Pass*,] It was a
 practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pam-
 phlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them
Post-free to all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 233--*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes*,] " Ed-
 " ward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse,
 " but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of
 " late years kept a public house in the City, (but in a genteel
 " way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale)
 " afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially
 " those of the high-church party." JACOB, *Lives of Poets*,
 vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly
 sold into the Plantations.---Ward, in a book called *Apollo's*
Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting
 that his public house was not in the City, but in *Moorfields*.

VER. 238, 240. *Tate--Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors
 in the Laurel.

Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, 245
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

VARIATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, etc.*] In the former Edit.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the Tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze &c.

Var. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,*
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.]

REMARKS.

VER. 243. *With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!) etc.*] It is to be observed that our Poet hath made his Hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender Passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, he'd be damn'd*; "the surprise of being commended by one, who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes." P. 149. of his Life, octavo.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, etc.*] In the first Notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires ;
King John in silence modestly expires :

VARIATIONS.

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk.----

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a Watch-maker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the Farces of this Author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn field, endangered the burning of the Play-house.

Var. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire*] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

" Alas ! poor Æschylus ! unlucky Dog !

" Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Log.

But this is a grievous error, for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *teste* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

" dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned ; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring :

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,

Cœpta quater tenuit.

*

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

REMARKS.

VER. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the Government*:

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,

Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

Boil.

He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased out of his Royal bounty to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not *"grieved Mr. P."*

VER. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil *Æn.* ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse*; there having never been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

----Uterumque armato milite complent. —

Inclusos utero Danaos ----

Can a horse be said *Utero gerere*? Again,

-----Uteroque recusso,

Insonuere cavæ----

----Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, etc.*]

----Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,

Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet

Ucalejon, ----

Rowz'd by the light, old dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed.

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome: 265

Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

REMARKS.

Nay, is it not expressly said

Scandit fatalis machina muros

Fœta armis-----

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin Goddess *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the Male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our *Virgil* restored. SCRIBL.

VER. 258. *Thulè*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Phillips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

VER. 265. *sacred Dome*:] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as *Plato* says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 265. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks and breathes herself into their airs.*]

Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri

Cœlicolis, & quanta solet.----

Et lætos oculis afflavit honores,

Virg. Æn. ii.

Id. Æn. i.

So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.
 This the great Mother dearer held than all 269
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall :
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
 And here she plan'd th' Imperial seat of Fools.
 Here to her Chosen all her works she shews,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind : 276

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed those two lines,
 Raptur'd he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of "distinguish'd merit may be starved, in order to celebrate "her power, and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

REMARKS.

VER. 269. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs who were constantly enquiring *quid nunc*? what news?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 269. *This the great Mother, &c.*

Urbs antiqua fuit -----

Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

Posthabita coluisse Samo : hic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit : hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.

Virg. *Æn.* i.

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away :
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail : 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piece,
 *Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

REMARKS.

VER. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of some forgotten plays, Translations and other pieces. He was concern'd in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight "Whachum, who, from an under-spur leather to the law, is "become an under-strapper to the Play-house, who hath "lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile "Translation; etc. This fellow is concerned in an important paper called the Censor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's *Hom.* p. 9, 10.

Ibid. *Ozell,*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) "did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him "something to live on, when he shall retire from business. "He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for "priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an *office of* "accounts, in the City, being qualified for the same by his "skill in *arithmetic*, and writing the necessary *bands*. He has "obliged the world with many translations of French "Plays." JACOB, *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his learning and genius, by

The Goddes then o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.
 And lo ! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown. " All hail ! and hail again,
 My son ! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise ;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days ;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 293. *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former Ed.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
 I see a King ! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns :
 Till each fam'd theatre my empire own ;
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne !
 I see ! I see !—Then rapt she spoke no more,
 God save King Tibbald ! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729. in a paper called the weekly Medley, &c. " As to my *learning*, this envious
 " Wretch knew and every body knows, that the *whole Bench*
 " of *Bishops*, not long ago, were pleased to give me a *purse*
 " of *guineas*, for discovering the erroneous translations of the
 " common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian,
 " &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland shew better
 " verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boi-
 " leau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased
 " with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate
 " it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer Poetry in
 " the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket

Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court. 300
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!

REMARKS.

“(la *Secchia rapita*.) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon
 “publicly declared Ozell’s translation of Homer to be, as
 “it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope’s—Surely, surely,
 “every man is free to deserve well of his country!”
 JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as
 those of the *Bench of Bishops*, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

VER. 296. *A Heideggre*.] A strange bird from Switzerland,
 and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent
 person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Pe-
 tronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

VER. 296. *Withers*.] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and
 libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer’s with the Jesuits:
 but renouncing popery, he published Blount’s books against
 the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He
 signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad
 Plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous
 pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl;
 in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in
 a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in
 two volumes; and others.

VER. 297. *Howard*.] Hon. Edward Howard, author of
 the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces,
 celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke
 of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing, 309
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne:

REMARKS.

VER. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing, — Gaming, &c.*] When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest Sovereign; know you this?

Alas! no more, than *Ibamus* calm head can know

Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.

Donne to Queen Eliz.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

-----Quorum Imagines lambunt

Hederæ sequaces.

Perf.

VER. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau,
 Lutrin, Chant. II.

Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,

Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans: &c.

'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:
 God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320
 Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
 God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
 And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

REMARKS.

VER. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Instruments used in the service of the Chapel royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great fame and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

VER. 225. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this Epigram,

When Laureates make Odes, Do you ask of what sort?

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,
 And go from the Court to the Devil.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

REMARKS.

VER. 338.—*Ogilby*)---*God save King Log*!] See *Ogilby's* *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever *Ogilby* writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his *Poems*, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: What we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment, by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people
may appear from the just reflection made on their constant
conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram :

“ Ye little Wits, that gleam’d a while,

“ When Pope vouchsaf’d a ray,

“ Alas, depriv’d of his kind smile,

“ How soon ye fade away !

“ To compass Phœbus’ car about,

“ Thus empty vapours rise ;

“ Each lends his cloud, to put him out,

“ That rear’d him to the skies.

“ Alas ! those skies are not your sphere ;

“ There he shall ever burn :

“ Weep, weep, and fall ! for Earth ye were,

“ And must to Earth return.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.



THE D U N C I A D:

BOOK the SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake.

The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the Exercises for the Poets of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddefs proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

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[Faint, illegible handwriting at the bottom of the page]



*And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As Verse or Prose infuse the drowsy God.*

Dunciad Book II.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone,
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

TWO things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an Author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,

And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound Commentators.

VER. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

High on a throne of royal state, that far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,

Satan exalted fate.—

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,

REMARKS.

with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii.

Ibid. or *Fleckno's Irish throne*,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne; — ἱεὶς θρόνος τῶν ὑψηλῶν μὲν σοφιστικῶν καὶ σοφῶν. Themistius, Orat. i.

VER. 3. Or that where on her Curls the public pours,] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false Assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of *March*, but in *February*." [*Curliad*, 12^{mo} p. 19.] And of *the History of his being tost in a Blanket*, he saith, Here, "*Scriblerus!* thou see'st in what thou assestest concerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*." p. 25: Much in the same manner Mr. *Gibber* remonstrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *Braxen*, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well *our own errors* now, as formerly those of the *Printer*. Since what moved us to this Work, was solely the Love of *Truth*, not in the least any Vain-

Great Cibber fate : the proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze;
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns 11
 Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

REMARKS.

glory, or Desire to contend with *Great Authors*. And further, our Mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as do ever shun the Light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagonists : not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the Parties offended : For surely in this Work, it hath been above all things our desire, to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.* Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a *Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet him-

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers high heroic Games.
 They summon all her Race : An endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motly mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
 In filks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and piety ordain)
 A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)
 Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

REMARKS.

self was so transported as to weep for joy ^a. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

VER. 34. *And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.*] This species of mirth called a *joke*, arising from a *Mal-entendu* may be well supposed to be the delight of *Dulness*.

^a See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well it's head;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

REMARKS.

VER. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;*] i. e.

A trifling head, and a contracted heart,

as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplished* Sons of Dulness;
 of whom this is only an *Image*, or Scarecrow, and so stuffed
 out with these corresponding materials. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,*] This is
 what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn.* x.

Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram

In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)

Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque

Divini assimilat capitis—

—*Dat inania verba,*

Dat sine mente sonum—

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit
 with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There
 seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an
 one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the
 expecting Bookseller.

VER. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.*]

Vix illud lecti bis sex----

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus. *Vir. Æn.* xii.

And empty words she gave, and founding strain, 45
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!

Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtier's swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

REMARKS.

VER. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James More Smith esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrow'd of Dr. *Arbutnot* a paper called an Historico-physical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. *Young*, -- *F. Billers*, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his

All gaze with ardour : Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

REMARKS.

proceeding by an endeavour to hide it : unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of April 3, 1728.) " That the contempt " which he and others had for those pieces (which only him- " self had shewn, and handed about as his own) occasioned " their being lost, and for that cause only not return'd." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram :

" More always smiles whenever he recites ;

" He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.

" And yet in this no vanity is shown ;

" A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. *Savage*, son of the late Earl *Rivers* ; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. *More*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. *More* the next morning sent to Mr. *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, " That *Pope* might " now be the *first*, because *More* had left him unrival'd, in " turning his style to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work ; the Town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest Motto,

Hic cestus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans* : *Cosmelia*, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. *W.* The sawpit, a Simile, by a *Friend*. Certain Physical works on Sir *James Baker* ; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

“ With me began this genius, and shall end.” 55

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl ; “ Behold that rival here !

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Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagin'd by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion ; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him ; since the name itself is not spelled *Moore*, but *More* ; and lastly, since the learned *Scribnerus* has so well proved the contrary.

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μωρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriae vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus*. Dedication of *Moriae Encomium* to Sir Tho. More ; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, *Vale, More ! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende*. Adieu, More ! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers : Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull*. This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before-mentioned.

VER. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl* ;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at ; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He pos-

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;
 "So take the hindmost, Hell, (he said) and run."

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He assumed himself of a command over all authors whatever ; he caused them to write what he pleased ; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these ; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity : He speaks like the intrepid Diomed ; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles ; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus ; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods* ; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard ; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter : Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory ; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic : After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations : Many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings : Witness innumerable instances ; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality ; but being first threatned, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since

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VER. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell,*]

Occupet extremum scabies ; mihi turpe relinqui est.

Hor. de Arte.

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L

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, 61
 He left huge Lintot, and out-strip't the wind
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

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received from him : So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham,
 " that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or
 " the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad
 " man."

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VER. 61. &c. Something like this is in Homer, II. 10. ver.
 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author
 in his similes are also imitated in the two following ; the first,
 of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the Critics well
 know) from *familiar life* ; the second of the Water-fowl,
 more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th
 verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

VER. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,]*

----- So eagerly the Fiend

O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' freight, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Milton, Book ii.

VER. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]*

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

----- ROWS

His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's---*With two left legs --*

Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop.)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :

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VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T---, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwel, and sold them without the consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his *Key*, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 75. *Obscene with filth, etc.*] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil ; the very words *οἴθοις* and *fimus* are used by them, tho' our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably en-

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VER. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide ;*]

Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis

Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas---

Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.

Virg. *Æn.* v. of Nisus.

VER. 74. *And Bernard ! Bernard !*]

---Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. Virg. *Ecl.* vi.

Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)

The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more ; 80

And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.

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riched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this Episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden, in *Mac-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing Alley*, *Reliſts of the Bum*, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his *Georgics*) *tosses about his Dung with an air of Majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be no higher than *tickling, chattering, braying, or diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes*; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nufances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least; but that he hoped it it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to *sewear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster wenches.

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VER. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,]*

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

Cœlestesque plagas ----

Ovid. Met. xii.

There in his feat two spacious vents appear, 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply; 90
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.
 In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! 96
 Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

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VER. 82. *Drawn with the Fible, up with the Pope's arms.*
 The Bible, Curl's sign: the Cross keys, Lintot's.

VER. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction
 is more extended.

VER. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad. v.

---πίε δ' ἀμφοτέρων αἵμα θείοιο,

Ἰχθὺς, εἶος ὡς τε πίει μαννάριον θεοῖσιν.

A stream of nest'rous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina.*] The Roman Goddess of the common-
 sewers.

VER. 101. *Where as he fish'd, etc.*] See the preface to
 Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises ; from th' effluvia strong 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care ;
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air ;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

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VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, etc.

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VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face*]

--- faciam ostentabat, & udo

Turpia membra fimo ----

Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 111. *A shapeless shade, etc.*]

---- Effugit imago

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air ;*]

Carmina -

Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on ver. 50.

Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heav'n rings with laughter : of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run : delusive thought !
 Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught. 126

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VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, *Dedic. to Sawny* and others; as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty of Poets*: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was "because nobody would trust him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior*;] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P---. Capt. Breval "was author of the *Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic "performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and "some ladies of quality," says CURL, Key, p. 11.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*,] Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

To him the Goddess : Son ! thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illusion on the town :
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd Jade ;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Dutcheffes and Lady Maries ; 136

REMARKS.

VER. 126. *Breval, Iond, Bezaleel.*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first it may seem ; but be not deceived, reader ; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates ; but the said Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay ; is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first ? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet : But where is such a satire to be found ; where was such a writer ever heard of ? As for Bezaleel, it carries forgery in the very name ; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'it depend upon it, no such authors ever lived ; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's. -- The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea. W.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town :*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift :
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140

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VER. 137. — *this magic gift*] In verity (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy Brethren of Grubstreet be taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of Polemics ? who when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name* ; as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own.

VER. 138. *Cook shall be Pr.or.*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welfsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British, London, and Daily Journals* ; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his Innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

VER. 138. *and Concanen, Swift :*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

VER. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison ; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it ; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the *Careless Husband*.) It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth ; both as his constant friend, and as he

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

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was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

- " The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
- " (Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
- " Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
- " To show us which way blows the wind.
- " Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
- " Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
- " Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
- " And point instruction ev'ry way.
- " With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive:
- " One potent drop let this but shed,
- " And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive,
- " Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

VER. 142. *rueful length of face.*)] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Genius*: An honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for his *rueful length of face*!" *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom

A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

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an honest mind should *love*, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to the reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c." 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c. DENNIS, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716. Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts

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VER. 114, 142.—*—piteous of his case,*

Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.])

-----Risit pater optimus illi.—

Me liceat casum misereri infantis amici—

Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.

Virg *Æn.* v.

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure, 146

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not *him* ; whereas to call others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it : Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviiis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned : But in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible ; whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope ; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable Verses :

“ While Malice, Pope, denies thy page

“ Its own celestial fire ;

“ While Critics, and while Bards in rage,

“ Admiring, won't admire :

“ While wayward pens thy worth assail,

“ And envious tongues decry ;

“ These times tho' many a Friend bewail,

“ These times bewail not I.

“ But when the World's loud praise is thine,

“ And spleen no more shall blame,

“ When with thy Homer thou shalt shine

“ In one establish'd fame :

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.

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- “ When none shall rail, and ev’ry lay
“ Devote a wreath to thee;
“ That day (for come it will) that day
“ Shall I lament to see.

VER. 143. *A shaggy Tap’stry,*] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne---*Faces as frightful as theirs whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

VER. 144. *On Codrus’ old, or Dunton’s modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet’s bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codrus, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife’s short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard’s head six earthen pitchers grac’d,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac’d;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain’d,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain’d,
Where mice and rats devour’d poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
’Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost. Dryden.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, “that
“ Juvenal never satirized the Poverty of Codrus.”

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh ! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows ?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

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VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer*: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the *Flying-post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's *Miscell.*

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VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*]

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
 Constitit, & lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate
 Quæ regio in terris nostris non plena laboris? Virg. *Æn.* i.

VER. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green !*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms.

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

REMARKS.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the
 " *sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he*
 " *considered the errors of his fellow-creatures*; that, though she
 " should find the *little inadvertencies of her own life* recorded
 " in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a
 " manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;*]

Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.

Virg. Æn. v.

The Goddess then : " Who best can send on high
 " The salient spout, far streaming to the sky ;
 " His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 " This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *Osborne, Thomas*] A Bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part ; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man publish'd advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price : Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. " How melancholy must it be to a Writer to be

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163.

--- -yon Juno ---

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βούρην αότυα Hēn.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito. Virg. *Æn.* vi.
 In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kett'e, as in this place Mrs Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,

One on his vigour and superior size.

170

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;

It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.

So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,

(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)

A second effort brought but new disgrace,

175

The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face :

REMARKS.

“ so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame ! How, with honour to yourself, and Justice to your Subscribers, can this be done ? What an Ingratitude to be charged on the *Only honest poet* that lived in 1738 ! and than whom *Virtue* has not had a *shriller Trumpeter* for many ages ! That you were once *generally admired and esteemed* can be denied by none ; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by *this fact* : ” which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*

One on his vigour]

Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena ;

Hic membris & mole valens.

Virg. *Æn.* v.

VER. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow-----*

(Sure sign,-----

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in *Iliad* xi.

ὥς τε Κρονίων

ἐν νέφει στήριξε, τέρπος μετόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondé dans les nûes, pour être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels.

Dacier.

VOL. V.

M

Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirits in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

REMARKS.

VER. 181. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;*]
 In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
 His rapid waters in their passage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: For first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than ex-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus]*

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
 Eridanus, quo non altius per pingula culta
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes :
 Still happy Impudence obtains the prize. 186
 Thou triumph'st Victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.

REMARKS.

plained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of his works : To instance only in his Homer :

- (1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726. — With one resentment glows.
- (2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626. — There the battle glows.
- (3.) Ibid. ver. 985. — The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.
- (4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45. — Encompass'd Hector glows.
- (5.) Ibid. ver. 475. — His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.
- (6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591. — Another part glow'd with resplendent arms.
- (7.) Ibid. ver. 654. — And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent ; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time : But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

VER. 187. *The high-wrought day.* Some affirm, this was originally, *well p---st day* ; but the Poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger ; he exclaims against all such *conjectural Emendations* in this manner :

Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain ; 191

Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;

Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :

He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.

His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195

"He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :

With ready quills the Dedicators wait ;

Now at his head the dextrous task commence,

And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ; 200

Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,

He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,

Then his nice taste directs our Operas :

REMARKS.

"Let it suffice, O Pallas ! that every noble Antient, Greek or

"Roman, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every

"Dutch, German, and Swiss Schoolmaster ! Let our English

"at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid,

"as not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty

"hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and

"after death at least to find rest and sanctuary from Critics !

"When these men have ceas'd to rail, let them not begin

"to do worse, to comment ! Let them not conjecture into

"nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and restore into

"obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate ! which can be-

"fal only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will

"befal them only from such dull ones as could never write !"

VER. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian Poet, and writer

of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help

Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little *Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *O Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per Omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus & mentem direxisse CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferme opera, æquissimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated:

"Thy Father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican
"Orb, we much desire to adore! O mighty Column of our
"Republic! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an Hero! That to
"such and so great a Man God was ever present, in every
"thing, and all along directed both his hand and his heart,
"is a Most Absolute Certainty! For it is in a manner by the
"operation of this Man alone, that we behold a War (alas!
"how much too long an one!) brought at length to an end,
"on the most just and most honourable Conditions. O Day eter-
"nally to be memorated! wherein all the Terrors of his
"Country were ended, and a PEACE (long wish'd for by
"almost all Europe) was restored by HARLEY, the Love and
"Delight of the People of England."

But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
 Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the first Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c.

REMARKS.

But that this Gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by God Almighty.

VER. 207. *Welsted*. Leonard Welsted, author of *The Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire of Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator : And there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *De Bædæ*, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time :

“ Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
 “ That painful animal, a Mole :
 “ Above ground never born to grow ;
 “ What mighty stir it keeps below ?
 “ To make a Mole-hill all this strife !
 “ It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 “ How proud a little dirt to spread ;
 “ Conscious of nothing o’er its head !
 “ ‘Till lab’ring on for want of eyes,
 “ It blunders into Light and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her vot'refs, from above, 216
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
 Secure thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,

REMARKS.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men : That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such

IMITATIONS.

VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake, &c.]

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
 Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
 Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
 Hæ tibi erunt artes-----

Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell !
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe :
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 236
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,

REMARKS.

vain, braggart, puffed Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBL.

VER. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same ; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not ; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy, of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath ! that " is my Thunder."

VER. 228. --- *with a tolling bell ;*] a mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

VER. 238. *Norton,*] See ver. 417 -- *J. Durant Breval,* Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
 And Demonstration thin, and Theſes thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Cat-call each ſhall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!

But that this well-diſputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
 A moan ſo loud, that all the gild awake; 250
 Sore ſighs ſir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
 So ſwells each wind-pipe; Aſs intones to Aſs,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows, 255
 High Sound, attempt'ed to the vocal noſe;
 Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
 There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield
 thine.

REMARKS.

VER. 238. *Webſter—and Whitefield*] The one the writer of
 a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 243. *A Cat-call each ſhall win, &c.*]

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic----

Virg. Ecl. iii.

VER. 247. *As when the, etc.*] A Simile with a long tail,
 in the manner of Homer.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 160
 In Tot'narn fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

REMARKS.

preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: That by the old death of fire and faggot: And therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthusiasm* are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. iii.

He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,

While neighb'ring hills low back to them again. Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *Armour*, *War*, etc. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca. Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

Audist et Triviæ longe lacus, audist amnis

Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

REMARKS.

VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines.

VER. 263. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six & besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* " with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *Ætion* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough,

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end)

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REMARKS.

“ nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic.”—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has *no Genius*; first laying down, that “ *Genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint. Many Men (says he) have their Hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints, nor the Motions.*” Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe, “ It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popish rhymester* but he.” This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *Impiety and Irreligion*. “ All Mr. Blackmore’s celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the

To where Fleet-ditch with difemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The King of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper fable blots the filver flood. 274
 " Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
 " Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,

REMARKS.

" visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is
 " the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had
 " ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world.
 " Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as
 " we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines
 " in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human,
 " but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable,
 " that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it
 " follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false.
 " So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider,"
 &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

VER. 270. (*As morning pray'r, and flagellation end.*) It is
 between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ser-
 vice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell—This is to
 mark punctually the *time* of the day : Homer does it by the cir-
 cumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers
 dinner : our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and
 the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in
 the evening of the Lord-mayor's day : The first book passed in
 that *night* ; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand,
 thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers)
 then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly
 thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 273. *The king of dykes ! &c.*]
 Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
 ----quo non alius, per pingua culta,
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. Virg.

" And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 " Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 " Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 " The stream, be his the weekly Journals bound;
 " A pig of lead to him who dives the best ; 281
 " A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
 And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;

REMARKS.

VER. 276, 277, 278.--*dash thro' thick and thin---love of dirt---dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party writers : to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guesses.

VER. 280. *the weekly Journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others ; persons never seen by our author.

VER. 282. "*A peck of coals apiece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *overly* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the post, etc.

VER. 283. *In naked Majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation ; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact ; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it ; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, N^o 43. which says of his own Simile, that

Then fighting, thus, "And am I now three-score ?

"Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four ?

REMARKS.

"'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In Poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, N^o 62. by the name of *Omicron the Unborn Poet*." Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry consisting of heroic Epistles, etc. some whereof are very well done," said that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his *Essay on Criticism*, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by bishop Kennet, in publishing the *Historians* in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

VER. 286. "Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?" Very reasonably doth this ancient Critic complain: Without doubt it was a fault in the Constitution of things. For the *World*, as a great writer saith, *being given to a man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penu-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 285. *Then fighting thus, And am I now threescore? etc.*]

—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanēs

Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos. Ovid.

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height, 287
 Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd ; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
 Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

REMARKS.

rious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIB.

But we need not go so far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to ano her.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div'd*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E---, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 293. *And call on Smedley lost ; etc.*]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
 Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's with Ecl.



Then * essay'd ; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
 He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
 True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep : 300

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first Edit. followed these,
 Far worse unhappy D----r succeeds,
 He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

VER. 295. *Then * essay'd,*] A Gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham, and others : To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired Scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others ; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
 No noise, no stir, no motion can'st thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
 With each a sickly brother at his back :
 Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !
 And Monumental Brass this record bears,
 "These are,—ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !"

REMARKS.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back : Sons of a day, etc.*] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described.

VER. 312. *Osborne*] a name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to suppose that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*] *Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori, &c. Virg. Æn.*

Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull, 315
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this Day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly. SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men : though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with Money ; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee* for enquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. " That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen Shillings*, were paid to Authors and Printers of News-papers, such as Free Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remember'd ; nor even so much credit done to his

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.

REMARKS.

Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author :

Seen him I have ; but in his *bappier hour*
 Of *social pleasure*, ill exchange'd for *Pow'r* !
 Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
 Smile without *Art*, and win without a *Bribe*.

VER. 315. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers ; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the Free Briton; a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it ; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he received " for Free Britons, and other writings, in the " space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and " ninety seven pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, out of the " Treasury." But frequently, thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

VER. 323. *The plunging Prelate, etc.*] It having been invidi-

Book II. THE DUNCIAD. 181

When lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood 325

Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud ;

Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,

And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares :

Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,

Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in :

How young Lutetia, softer than the down,

Nigriſa black, and Merdamante brown,

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335

As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

REMARKS.

ouſly inſinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the *civil* conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the *religious* ; I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious; as any candid Man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was raviſhed by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The ſtory is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil. Ecl. vi.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares :* Virg. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl :

----majorque videri,

Nec mortale ſonans—

Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown
maids

A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades.
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams, 340
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

REMARKS.

VER. 338. *A branch of Styx, etc.*]

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμ' ἑστὸν Τίσταρσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμεστο,

"Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν ποταμὸν καλλιῆρον ὕδατος.

Οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνειῶν συμμείσγεται ἀγχορδίνῃ,

"Ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καλύπτει, θεὸν ἐπιρρεῖσι νύτ' ἑλπίων.

Ὅρκω γὰρ δεινῇ Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐς νύκτα περρώε.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's true History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

And again, Æn. iii.

-----Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis,

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,
They led him soft ; each rev'rend Bard arose ;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350

“ Receive (he said) these robes which once were
“ mine,

“ Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd, and spread the robe ; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable Army stand, 355
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

REMARKS.

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics ; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

VER. 355. *Around him wide, &c.*] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, tho' solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Ministers of Fac-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 347. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis ;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascraeo quos ante seni---&c.

Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any God, or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Fleet

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,

In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :

So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,

Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

Here stopt the Goddeffs ; and in pomp proclaims 365

A gentler exercise to close the games.

REMARKS.

tions ; and tho' educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently, to disturb and disorder it ; in which they fall short only of their Predecessors when invested with a larger share of power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion ; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots ; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

Vra. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] " King Lud repairing the
" City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town ; the strong
" gate which he built in the west part, he likewise for his
" own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260. this gate
" was beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. Those
" images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten
" off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen
" Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The
" 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken
" down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of
" Lud and others, as afore." *Saw's Survey of London.*

" Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales
 " I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
 " Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
 " My H—ly's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;
 " Attend the trial we propose to make : 371
 " If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
 " Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 " And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;
 " To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit 375
 " Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
 " To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 " Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars
 came, 379
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same ;
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
 The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring !
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.

REMARKS.

VER. 374. See *Hom. Odyss. xii.* *Ovid. Met. i.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt, &c.]*
Ambo florentes ætatis, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & respondere parati. Virg. Ecl. vi.
 VER. 382. *And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.]*
Smit with the love of sacred song— Milton.
 VER. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.]*
Confedere duces, & vulgi stante corona. Ovid. Met. xiii.

The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum. 386
 Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, and now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*] "All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject;" says an Enemy, in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

VER. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to the Courts of Law in this nation.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom be. e.* 400
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
 lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 399. in the first Edit. it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer.

REMARKS.

VER. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. *Toland*, the Author of the Atheist's liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay, to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

VER. 400. *Christ's No kingdom, &c*] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

VER. 405. *As what a Dutchman, &c.*] It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime Similitude in the Essay on Man, Ep. iv.

As the small pebble, &c.
 but will any body therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of

What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
 Like motion from one circle to the rest :
 So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads*.
 At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more ;

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VARIATIONS.

VER. 413. in the firſt Edit. it was,
 T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
 Nor *** talk'd nor S— whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

the other ? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody ; but when the image is transferred from one ſubject to another, and the ſubject is not a *poem burleſqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will diſtinguiſh from a *burleſque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for inſtance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt,
 it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be ſaid to explain our Author's parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or ſacred writers.

VER. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Maſteſty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before

IMITATIONS.

VER. 416. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*]

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
 And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Black.n. Job,

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtroea ſprung, 415
 Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

REMARKS.

ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

VER. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that “The Playhouſe is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleaſure of the Devil; where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are there are hearing Muſic in the very Porch of Hell.” To which Mr. Dennis replied, that “There is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaſter, as between *two religious books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*.” Then he demonſtrates, that “All thoſe who had written againſt the Stage were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it always at a time when ſomething was to be done for the *Pretender*. Mr. Collier publiſhed his *Short View* when France declared for the Chevalier; and his *Diſſuaſive*, juſt at the *great ſtorm*, when the deſtaſtaſtion which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and aſtoniſhed the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and deſponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themſelves were deſigned in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's *Serious Remonſtrance*, tho' I know nothing of the time of publiſhing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerſet-houſe, or upon the *late rebellion*.” DENNIS, Stage defended againſt Mr. Law, p. ult. The ſame Mr. Law is Author of a book, intituled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve the truth of the Goſpel*; in which he has detailed a Syſtem of the rankeſt

Hung silent down his never-blushing head ;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay. 420
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews ;
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate !
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :

REMARKS.

Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology ; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one *Jacob Behman*, a German Cobler.

VER. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his Title ; for having stolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees* ; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the Imposition of fools ; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy.

VER. 415. *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters ; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor :

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

REMARKS.

VER. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:]*
This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearances*; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend Person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspired in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd, and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that "if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal."

VER. 427. *Fleet]* A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

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THE
D U N C I A D :

BOOK the THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from

whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the Throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :

REMARKS.

VER. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.

BENTL.

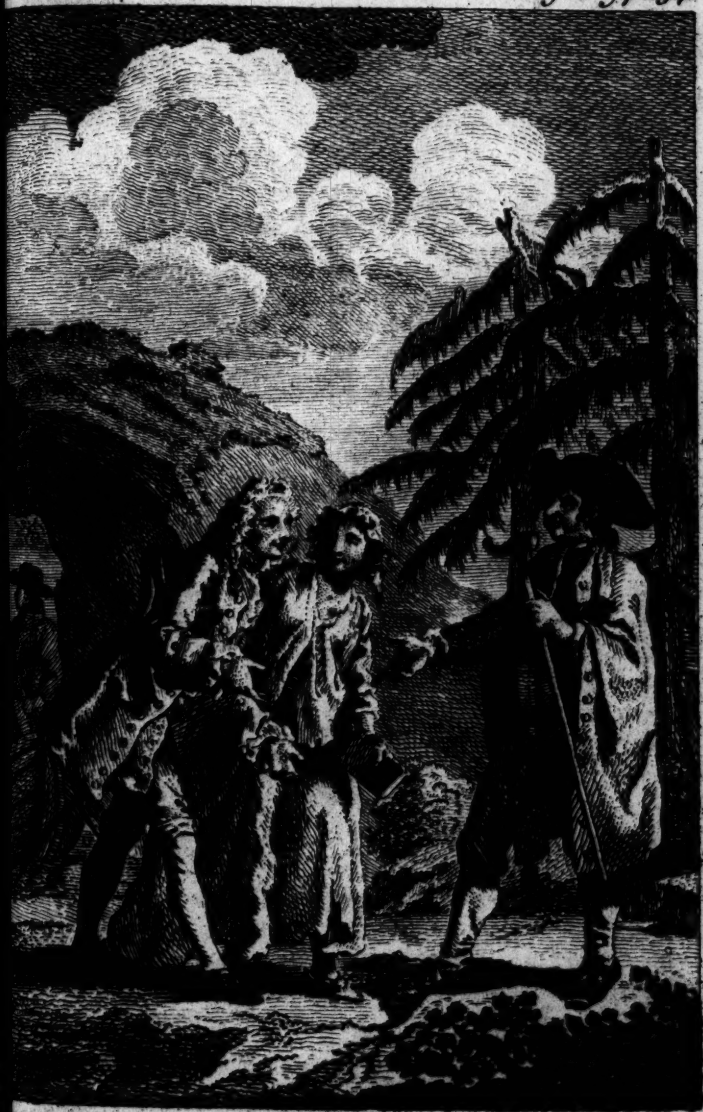
IMITATIONS.

VER. 7, 8. Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He bears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :]

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

Colloquio-----

Virg. *Æn.* viii.



*A Slipshod Sibyl led his Steps along
In lofty Madness meditating Song.*

Dunciad Book III.



Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.
 A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song;

REMARKS.

VER. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real *Madness*, as that which produces real *Dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *heat*, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-temper'd steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *Holiness*. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*: Now as this attention is occasioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.*]

Conclamat Vates-----

-----*furens antro se immisit aperto.*

Virg.

Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar, 19
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes, propitious still to Blockheads, bows;
 And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brow:
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

* R E M A R K S.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the *Accidence*: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

*I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
 For having got from possum to posset,
 I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.*

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

VER. 21. *Benlowes*,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient Poet,

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale, &c.*]

----- *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*

Seclusum nemus-----

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull

25

Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :

Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,

Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,

Rush to the world, impatient for the day.

30

REMARKS.

celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so christian-like a manner : For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *bated* and *detested* for his evil works ; *Qui Bavius non odit* ; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem. SCRIBL.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author ; nay, that " He and Mævius had (even in " Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who " thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace : For " (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in " more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

VER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Bookellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable :

At pater Anchises penitus convulle wirenti

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

Lustrabat----

Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemistic of Milton.

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory. 34

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a Sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

REMARKS.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen. 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation ? What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner*, exposed to the view of all mankind ! It was laying aside his *Senses*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the *Law* is *deficient* not to punish him ! nay, a *Crime* which *Man* can *scarce forgive*, or *Time efface* ! nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him ; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet when he stood there.

VER. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken

IMITATIONS.

VER. 31, 32. *Million and millions---Thick as the stars, &c.*]

Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo

Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

Quam multa glomerantur aves, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :

REMARKS.

here : I believe I may say the same of the Critics ; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before ; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it ! Yet that *Scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part ;) folikewise Concannen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of Commentators.--*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change ; of one single letter ! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain ; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIB.

VER. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that " he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were " those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf : " Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty* " *rival* of Dryden ; nay, for many years, bore his reputation " *above* him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, " How little was Dryden able, even " when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. " Settle !" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions ! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems ; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son ;
 Oh born to see what none can see awake !
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore ; 45
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll ? 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid ;
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.

REMARKS.

little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts.) " Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden ; and not only the Town but the University was divided which to prefer ; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

VER. 50. *Might from Bæotian, &c.* Bæotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now ; tho' it produced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Generals of Greece :

Bæotum crasso jurares aere natum.

Horat.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

-----*sine tempora circum*

Inter victrices bederam tibi serpere lauros. Virg. Ecl. viii,

As man's Mæanders to the vital spring 55
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

REMARKS.

VER. 67. *Ascend this hill, etc.*] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from v. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shewn where Science never rose; then from v. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by Tyranny; from v. 85 to 95, by inundations of Barbarians; from v. 96 to 106, by Superstition. Then Rome, the Mistress of Arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly

IMITATIONS.

VER. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd

The firm; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue

The visual nerve—For he had much to see.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole Episode.

See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun :
 One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds ;
 Heav'ns ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80

VARIATIONS.

VER. in the former Ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

In eldest times, e'er Mortals writ or read,
 which supposes the sun and science did not set out together,
 it was alter'd to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as
 usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Britain, the scene of the action of the poem ; which furnishes
 the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulness in review.

VER. 69. *See round the Poles, etc.*] Almost the whole South-
 ern and Northern Continent wrapt up in ignorance.

VER. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences
 came from the Eastern nations.

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who
 built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed
 all the books and learned men of that empire.

From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyfic of the Soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85

Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty fons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns ! 90

See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genferic ! and Attila's dread name !

See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95

(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

REMARKS.

VER. 81, 82, The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemaean Library, on the gates of which was this Inscription, ΨΥΧΗ ΙΑΤΡ ΙΟΝ, the Phyfic of the Soul.

VER. 96. (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore*) Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore ;
 Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
 See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods :
 'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn ; 110

REMARKS.

VER. 102. *thund'ring against heathen lore ;*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam ; non modo Matthesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tentabat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem ; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, & major auctoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets ; because (says this Pope) *In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt : Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy ; *Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Rom. norum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

VER. 109. *'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,]* After

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, 114
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsley-wolfsey brothers,
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless o-
thers.

That one was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

REMARKS.

the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

VER. 117, 118, *Happy! had Easter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy!—bad Easter never been!*]

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent. Virg. Ecl. vi.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
 This fay'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
 See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
 In homage to the Mother of the sky,

REMARKS.

VER. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth both.

VER. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause!*] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full Glory.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate!--See all her Progeny, &c.]*
Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

VER. 131. *As Berecynthia, etc.]*
Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru l' brygias turrita per urbes,
Lata deum pariu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
 An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God :
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
 Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round ;
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born !
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
 Another Dursley, Ward ! shall sing in thee.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 139. *Mark first that Youth, etc.]*

Ille videt, pura juvenis qui nititur basta,

Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca ———

Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born !]* A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.

Nascere ! praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer —

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the Son.

VER. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,]*

— si qua fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris !

Virg. Æn. vi.

Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sower sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law. 150

VARIATIONS.

VER. 149. in the first Edit. it was,
Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of Law?

REMARKS.

VER. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] “ This Gentleman is son of a considerable Master of Romsey in Southamptonsire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many Law-books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, etc.*” GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the Author’s Friend, Mr. Gay.

VER. 149, 150. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe; Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law*] There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a Respect for him, by this undeniable argument. “ He had once a Regard for my Judgment; other-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse, etc.*]

Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,

Te liquidi fovere lacus.

Virg. *Æn.* vii.

Virgil again, *Ecl.* x.

— *etiam lauri, etiam fovere myricæ, etc.*

VER. 150. Virg. *Æn.* vi. — *duo fulmina belli*

Scipiadas, eladem Libyæ!

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 151. *Lo P---p---le's brow, &c.*] In the former Edit.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

"wise he would never have subscribed *Two Guineas* to me, for
"one small book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed
in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore
I should think the appellation of *Blunderbusts* to Mr. Jacob,
like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having
"made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr.
"P. repented, and to give proof of his Repentance, subscribed to
"my two volumes of select Works, and afterwards to my two
"Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence be-
lieve, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem
by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st
beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to
flatter thyself that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

VER. 152. *Horneck and Roome.*] These two were virulent
Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would
think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece,
the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour and Em-
ployment*. The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billing-
gate paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome
was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetstreet, and
wrote some of the papers called *Pasquin*; where by malicious
Innuendoes he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of
malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution
of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,

"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!

"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,

"The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim. 154
 Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass :
 Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
 Some strain in rhyme ; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks ; 160
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 157. *Each Songster, Riddler, etc.*] In the former Ed.

Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.

After v. 158. in the first Edit. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear !

How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear !

REMARKS.

P—he was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

VER. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natured Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for h. re.

VER. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass ;*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season ; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet slurs them over with others in general.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
howls, 165

And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

Flow, Wellsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170

REMARKS.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Nigbr*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with pangenyricks in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *English Poets*, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shakespeare writ without rules.*" He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

VER. 168. *Morris*,] *Besaleel*, See Book ii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *And makes Nigbr hideous*]

— Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making Night hideous—

Shakesp.

VER. 169. *Flow, Wellsted, flow! etc.*] Parody on *Denham*,
Cooper's Hill.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme:

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;

Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

REMARKS.

VER. 169. *Flow, Welsted, etc.*] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent of the two Universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (*cruelly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make so small part of the Fame of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a Combination in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even rival'd his masters—His love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt---In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode---his Epistle---his Verses---his Love tale---all, are the most perfect things in all poetry. *WELSTED of Himself, Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, pag. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!*] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition;

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

REMARKS.

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;

The Body's harmony, the beaming soul.

Whereas had they followed the Example of those *microscopes* of wit, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned Languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apostacy of the *Prebendary of Rochester*, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the *FIRE-SIDE*, and *DREAMS* upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belabour'd *Observations*.

SCRIBL.

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the *FIRE-SIDE*, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiast of so solid learning.

ARIST.

VER. 173. *Ab Dennis, etc.*] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*
Virg. *Æn.* vi.

-----*Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,*

Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires;

Tuque prior, tu parce---sanguis meus!

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

REMARKS.

he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, etc.*] One of these was Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Deggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope*'s, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;*
Virg. *Æn.* vi.

*Ille autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ----*

And in the fifth,

*Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvena,
Nisus amore pio pueri.*

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;

REMARKS.

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram:

“ --- --- and Ducket, friends in spite,

“ Came hissing out in verse ;

“ Both were so forward, each would write,

“ So dull, each hung an A — .

“ Thus Amphibœna (I have read)

“ At either end assails ;

“ None knows which leads or which is led,

“ For both Heads are but Tails.”

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship : That between *Nisus* and *Eurialus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think something further. “ Sir, “ you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful “ part of the creation which God and Nature designed. “ —Sir, you have a very fine Lady—and, Sir, you have “ eight very fine Children,”—etc. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator’s brain was turned upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named : He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark. “ That he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of “ Plays excuseable at this juncture ; since when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing mens minds to the natural desire of women.”

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
“ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 184. *That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

VER. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. “ READ THY READ, take thy Counsaile. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first psalm into
“ English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

*The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.*

“ But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms the
“ word READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions,
“ because not only here, but quite throughout the whole
“ book of Psalms, are *strange alterations*, all for the worse;
“ and yet the Title-page stands as it used to do! and all
“ (which is *abominable* in any book, much more in a sacred
“ work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins,
“ and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins
“ now living they would proceed against the innovators as
“ cheats.---A liberty, which, to say no more of their intoler-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis oliuæ,
Sacra ferens?--nosco crines, incanæque menta, &c.*

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

REMARKS.

“able alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for *Uniformity*, and have any regard for the *old English Saxon tongue*.” HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Glouc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *Uniformity* should think all alterations in a language, *strange, abominable, and unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIB.

Ibid. *myfter wight*.] Uncouth mortal.

VER. 188. Wormius *bight*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely, yea excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester, Artic. BEHETT; “Others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, in his translation into Metre of the cxivth Psalm, v. 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,

That I to him BEHIGHT;

“Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon) have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus;

I to the Lord will pay my vows

With joy and great delight.

VER. 188. *bight*.] “In Cumberland they say to *bight*, for to *promise, or vow*; but *NIGHT*, usually signifies *was called*;

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;
A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the first Edit. it was,
And proud philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrind
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

“and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland.” Hearne, *ibid.*

VER. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *be delighted in matters of difficulty*. Some body said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

VER. 199. *lo, Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in *Oratory Transactions*, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. “He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung !

REMARKS.

" went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there
 " to be uneasy ; for it *back'd* him to find he was *commanded*
 " to *believe* against his own judgment in points of Religion,
 " Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to *dis-*
 " *pute all propositions, and call all points to account*, he was im-
 " patient under those fetters of the free-born mind — Being
 " admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very
 " short and superficial, and that it was not *necessary* to *con-*
 " *form to the Christian religion*, in order either to *Deaconship* or
 " *Priesthood.*" He came to town, and, after having for some
 years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be
 so for Ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in
 the Church, we are told, " was the envy of others, and a
 " dislike entertained of him, because *he was not qualified to*
 " *be a compleat Spaniel.*" However, he offered the service of
 his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly
 opposite ; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a
 new Project, and styled himself the *Restorer of ancient eloquence*.
 He thought, " it as lawful to take a licence from the King
 " and Parliament at one place, as another ; at Hickes's-
 " hall, as at Doctor's commons ; so set up his Oratory in
 " Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend)
 " he had the *assurance* to form a plan, which no mortal ever
 " thought of ; he had success against all opposition ; chal-
 " lenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and *none would*
 " *dispute with him ; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a*
 " *day ; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects ;*
 " undertook to teach in *one year* what schools and Univer-
 " sities teach in *five* ; was not terrified by menaces, insults,
 " or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme,
 " and put the Church, and all that in danger." WELSTED,
 Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric
 to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All
 this passed in the same room ; where sometimes he broke jests,

Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 But fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, 211
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend :
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)

REMARKS.

and sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucharist*.--This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers : The device, a Star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SYMMA ; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the *Hyp-Doctor*.

VER. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London ; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

VER. 212. Of *Toland and Tindal*, see Book ii. *The Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

VER. 213. *Yet oh, my Sons ! &c.*] The caution against Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame :
 But oh ! with One, immortal One dispense,
 The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
 Content, each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220
 Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.

REMARKS.

itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

VER. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,*

A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame :

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that Prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonstration (saith he) founded upon the Proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they have with the man in the Moon. Indeed, the Zeal for this sort of Gibberish [*mathematical Principles*] is greatly abated of late, and tho' it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern Philosophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, *Scripture philosophy*; for so long MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been published; and the Treatise of *Power essential and mechanical*, in which Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy is treated with the utmost CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole Society who hath had the Courage to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lye." — *The philosophical principles of Moses asserted*, &c. p. 2, by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lond. 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire:
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, 231
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)

REMARKS.

VER. 224. *But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."*
The hardest lesson a Dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intitled, *Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding*.

VER. 224, *not to scorn your God.* See this subject pursued in Book iv.

VER. 232. (*Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd*)
Mr. Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. — *Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*
Discite jussitiam moniti, & non temnere divos. Virg.

And look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth :
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;

REMARKS.

VER. 233. *a fable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

VER. 237. *Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth ;*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 244. *And other planets*]

---solemque suum, sua sidera norunt---

Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;*]

Dolphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

Hor.

And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought? 250

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls. 256
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:

REMARKS.

VER. 248. *Lo! one vast Egg*] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the stage, out of a large Egg.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251. *Son; what thou seek'st is in thee:]*

Quod petis in te est----

---- Ne te quæsiveris extra.

Perf.

VER. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, etc.]* Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* vi.

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

---- nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,

Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.

VER. 258. *----o'er all unclassic ground:]* Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:

Poetic fields encompass me around,

And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same author in *The Campaign*; and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire, 260
 Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease
 'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;
 And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air 265
 New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.

REMARKS.

VER 261. *Immortal Rich !*] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

VER. 266. *I see my Cibber there !*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (*Life*, chap. xv.) " Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous
 " medleys that have so long infested the stage which arose
 " upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying
 " each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows : " If I am asked why I assented ? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion ? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense ; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me.—But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has *always been allowed a great man.*" This must be confessed a full answer, only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it ? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn ; 270
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown ?
 Unknown to thee ? These wonders are thy own.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 274. in the former Ed. followed,
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 " None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald* ; unless the Play called the *Double Falshood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakespear's* : But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespear* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what *Repentance* can : what can it not ?
 But what can it, when one cannot repent ?

-----For *Cogitation*

Resides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.

MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespear*.

Var. id. The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespear's* ; it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald's* Arguments to the contrary : First, that the MS. was above sixty years old : Secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so : Thirdly, that somebody told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his : but Fourthly, and above all, " That he has a great mind every thing that is good in our tongue should be "*Shakespear's*." I allow these reasons to be truly critical ; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor : a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this dear relick,

Book III. 'THE DUNCIAD. 227

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

VARIATIONS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* son
(Who as he says [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a meer insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* son,
Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold.

Here you have not only the *Person* specified, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *Time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* son was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon *July*—*Horse* that *like him well*, is very absurd: Read it, without contradiction,

-----Horse, that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the End.

-----I must stoop to gain her,

Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service;
saith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality: What have his *Comparisons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verse of this scene is confounded with prose:

---O that man

Could reason down this *Feaver* of the blood,

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;

VARIATIONS.

Or sooth with *words* the tumult in his heart!

Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read — this *fervor* of the blood,

Then *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.

marking the just opposition of deeds and words,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *shake* fire!—said by *Violante*, observing how
the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense
plainly demands,

-----How his eyes *take* fire!

And measure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore disguises* for some ends.

She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end. Re-
store it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were disguised* for some end.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

---To oaths no more give credit,

To tears, to vows; false *both*!

False Grammar I'm sure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things:
and see! how easy a change sets it right?

To tears, to vows, false *troth*---

I could shew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakespear*, a
hundred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

That can bring *comfort*, but a quiet grave.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be its parallel*:
for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can then need no
comfort. Yet let us vindicate *Shakespear* where we can: I
make no doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger
emphasis to *Violante's* concern. This figure is called *Ana-*

Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.

VARIATIONS.

dysplexis. I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if
 I had nothing else to do. SCRIBL.

After v. 284. in the former Ed. followed,
 Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

REMARKS.

VER. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers
 of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*
 In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to
 be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will under-
 stand it *allegorically* only.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies* on the Lord-mayor's day: and
monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like most Party-
 writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He
 was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popish*
successor, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other
 side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-
 burning on Nov. 17. 1680, then became a trooper in King
 James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he
 kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called
St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of
 green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken
 into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Avert it heav'n ! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness shall never stray, 295
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last,
 'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300

VARIATIONS.

VER. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.*] in the former Ed,
 Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray ;
 And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thy Dragons, Magistrates, and Peers shall taste,
 And from each shew rise duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

VER. 297. *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure " they must needs mean no body but King " *GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE*; and said he " would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself " by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *allegiance*." Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.

REMARKS.

VER. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of *Polidemo*; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is *Noman*: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire *who has hurt him?* he answers *Noman*; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's *Iliad*) had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun-nology*.

VER. 308, 309. *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

VER. 312. *ensure it but from Fire*] In Tibbald's farce of *Proserpine*, a corn field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in *Dr. Faustus*,

Another Æschylus appears ! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair !
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
 Now Bavius take the Poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here ! here all ye Heroes bow !
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes :
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year !
 See ! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays !
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays !

VARIATIONS.

VER. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.* in the former Ed.
 Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson sole Judge of Architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit !
 I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall ;
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift ! thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome,
 Proceed great days, &c.

REMARKS.

VER. 313. *Another Æschylus appears !* It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

VER. 315. *like Semele's,* See Ovid. Met. iii.

On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ !

Lo ! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for Wit !

REMARKS.

VER. 325. *On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ !*] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in a very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

VER. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) "one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace;" But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. "Indeed "he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot

IMITATIONS.

VER. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Augustus, etc.*

Hic vir, hic est ! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,

Augustus Cæsar, divum genus ; aurea condet

Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva

Saturno quondam----

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned book I.

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330

REMARKS.

"with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the *Examiner*: A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

VER. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:*] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

VER. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, etc.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye-call-it*, *Fables*; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum,

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

VARIATIONS:

VER. 331. in the former Editions thus,

-----O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.
On which was the following Note, "He concludes his irony
"with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a
"farcaim on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken.
"The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn
"by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in
"which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous
"agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's sa-
"tisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *Five*
"hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which
"his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the
"value of *One hundred more*. The author only seems to la-
"ment, that he was employed in Translation at all."

REMARKS.

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, *etc.* It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; where it was performed twenty-four days together: It was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Proceed, great days ! 'till Learning fly the shore,
 'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 'Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335
 'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday.

REMARKS.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

VER. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift ! thy fate ;*] See Book i. ver. 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because no body else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, etc. and the Translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days ! etc.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak Instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem : But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these Instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat.*

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools from the Regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our

'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port?

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies. 340

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in the first Edit. were the following lines,
Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal darkness cover all,

REMARKS.

Nobility, the encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed, great days! etc. 'Till Birch shall blush, etc.*] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. *The Devil* (saith he) *licensed Bishops to license Masters of Schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the beathen Gods, their religion, etc. The Schools and Universities will soon be tired and ashamed of Classics and such trumpery.* HUTCHINSON'S *Use of Reason recovered.* SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, etc.*] *Sunt geminae Somni portae; quarum altera fertur Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris; Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes.* Virg. *Aen. vi.*

The END of the THIRD BOOK.

And thus the story of the nation's history is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive.

VARIATIONS

And thus the story of the nation's history is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive.

REMARKS

Nobility, the encouragement of our nation, and the nation's history is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive.



IMITATIONS

And thus the story of the nation's history is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive.

The end of the Third Book.